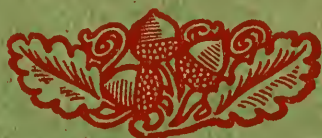


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The Spirit of Italy



*Impressions and Observations of an
American Newspaper Man During the Early
Months of the War Against Austria*

BY

WILLIAM J. GUARD

Author of "The Soul of Paris"

PRICE, 50 CENTS



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To
Italy's Royal Democrat
Vittorio Emanuele III.

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PREFACE.

This book is composed of a series of letters written during the first three months after Italy's declaration of war against Austria. Nearly all of them have been printed in the New York *Evening Sun*, among the exceptions being the letter relating to Louis Latapie's much-discussed interview with Pope Benedict XV. The letters are cursory and make pretension neither to style or profundity. However, quite a number of Italian friends and Americans, with a tender feeling for Italy, suggested that I collect them in a more permanent form. They seemed to think that they threw some light on general conditions in Italy at the outbreak of the war, and in a measure voiced the spirit of the Italian people, to whom the world owes so much, in these tragic hours.

W. J. G.

New York, November, 1915.



From a photo taken June 9, 1915.

With St. Mark's Pigeons in Wartime.

I.

*Milan During the First Two Weeks of Italy's War
—How a National Holiday Was Observed—
Urban Life as It Impressed a Stranger—The
War a Popular Movement—Salandra, the Man
of the Hour—The Cathedral's Changed Air.*

MILAN, SUNDAY, June 6, 1915.



Today is Italy's "Fourth of July"—the "Festa dello Statuto"—the statute being the Constitution granted to his people by Carlo Alberto of Savoy, father of Victor Emmanuel II., in 1848. The holiday is being observed in Milan in a manner that would delight the hearts of those advocates at home of a "safe and sane" Fourth.

Contrary to custom, there were no parades, no review of troops during the daytime and no fireworks tonight. The streets this evening, to be sure, are crowded with men, women and children; a broad stream of humanity flows through the far-famed Galleria; while the interior and exterior of the many bright cafes have every inch of space occupied by well-dressed folk (everybody in Milan seems to be well dressed today) eating ice cream or drinking most innocent-looking iced drinks, for it

has been real Coney Island weather in Lombardy's capital.

To the stranger within the city's gates it is a cheerful and apparently carefree crowd. There is nothing exceptional in evidence to indicate an extraordinary state of affairs in the country. To be sure, there is a liberal display of the national colors, and here and there one also sees the flag of Great Britain or of France or of Russia, and there is a rather unusual number of men in military uniforms; but as the uniforms all seem so natty and new, the day a holiday and Milan the headquarters of an army corps, even this fact might occasion no special comment.



And yet just two weeks ago, when Italy entered the War of Nations Milan went wild with excitement, I am told, for I didn't arrive till seven days later. The great square in front of the wonderful Cathedral was packed until far into the night with a crowd shouting "Viva l'Italia!" "Viva la Guerra!" and singing the Hymn of Garibaldi around the big equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel II., which stands in the centre of the Piazza.

Three days later there was another remarkable popular outburst. Reports had reached Milan of attacks on Italian residents in Berlin and Trieste, of the bombardment of the open town of Ancona on

the Adriatic and of an aeroplane visitation of Venice. Milan, too, had an attack of spy scare. It was said that discovery had been made of a system of signal lights around the Cathedral square which would have enabled an Austrian aviator to aim a bomb accurately at the world-famous edifice. It was also reported that a very fine Marconi outfit had been found concealed in the house of a prominent German business man. The feeling spread that the military and civil authorities were much too lax in their efforts to discover and expel suspicious characters.

Wednesday afternoon the popular explosion occurred. Not having been present I refrain from giving a hearsay account. Suffice it to say, however, that Milanese anti-German, anti-Austrian indignation gave itself free expression and that the reported destruction of the property of Italians and Italian sympathizers in Trieste, Berlin and anywhere else in Austria or Germany and the bombardment of Ancona were amply avenged! Nor did the avenging furies consist solely of Italians, for I happen to know of more than one American in Milan who helped light a bonfire in Cathedral Square and join in the Witches' Dance of that Walpurgis night. However, the law also had to be vindicated, and a few days later saw a complete change in the heads of the civil and military authorities in Milan, whom the government at Rome was rather glad to get rid of because of their

old political association with the discredited Giolitti-Neutralist party.



Since then life in this most modern of Italian cities—in many of its quarters as modern as New York's Fifth avenue or Riverside Drive (not to mention the Bronx)—has seemed as tranquil, undisturbed, and, I may say, commonplace, from the stranger's point of view, as though the whole world were at peace and the nations of Europe in a state of brotherly love.

Before reaching Milan I spent nearly a day in Naples and a day and a half in Genoa. In both these cities there were the same surface indications of normal urban activity, always excepting the prevalence of military uniforms. My mind reverted to Paris that I remembered two weeks after the war began ten months ago—Paris, with its closed shops, streets daily more and more deserted, disappearance of the young men, cafes shut at eight o'clock, and the city almost silent as a country town before midnight. Here in Milan, however—as I found in Naples and Genoa also—everything is wideawake till after midnight. No restrictions have been put on drinking places or restaurants, and the city is almost as brightly lighted at night as before Italy declared war. Very few shops have their shutters up. Most of those that have bear German names. And as for young men in civilian

clothes, why, there seem to be enough of them left to supply twice as many more men as Italy is said already to have under arms.



This is how I was impressed until I had spent several days in Milan and had a chance of wandering around the city and thus getting in closer touch with the people. Then I began to realize that this apparently care-free air was only superficial. Each day I learned more and more that Italy is thinking of nothing else but the war. Serious opposition to intervention there certainly was, principally on the part of certain large financial interests more or less allied with Germany—for in Milan, especially, German financial interests have been very powerful—and naturally those dependent on them. There also was a faction among the Socialists honestly opposed to war.

Apart from these elements—so far as my inquiries led me—I am thoroughly convinced that the vast majority of the people wanted the war and that the flaming announcements which were posted on the walls (many are still there) on the occasion of the Cabinet's resignation, calling for a demonstration in favor of "War or a Republic," were no idle bluff. The friends of ex-Premier Giolitti, who went to Rome to exert his influence, so unsuccessfully, in behalf of neutrality, had to keep him in close hiding in Rome until they could spirit him

away from the city in the night time. Heaven knows what would have happened to him if the *Populus Romanus*, which was wrought up to fever heat in favor of intervention, had caught him. And yet Giolitti was supposed to control Parliament as few American political bosses, let them have been Tom Platt, Gorman or Quay, have ever controlled a State Legislature. Not so long ago he was the strongest man in the country; to-day he is the most widely detested.



On the other hand, Salandra is the man of the hour. If there are any neutralists left in Italy after Salandra's memorable speech at the Capitol of Rome last week in reply to Bethmann-Hollweg, they are lying very low and rivaling the oyster. As was the case with the advanced Socialists in France, so with the corresponding party in Italy; they have fallen in line and form a large percentage of the hundreds of thousands of Italians who, though not called out, have offered themselves as volunteers. Salandra's speech justifying Italy's entry into war has met with the indorsement of every element, so far as I can judge from conversations with Italians of various stations in life or political views, and those most competent to judge, tell me that from the standpoint of literature it is a classic which students of the language will do well to adopt as a text book.

Already every Italian knows the introductory sentences by heart. They are worth recording here as being the keynote of the discourse, and are as follows :

“I address myself to Italy and the civilized world in order to show not by violent words but by exact facts and documents how the fury of our enemies has vainly attempted to diminish the high moral and political dignity of the cause which our army must make prevail. I speak with the calm of which the King of Italy has given a noble example when he called his land and sea forces to arms. I shall speak with the respect due to my position and to the place in which I speak. I can afford to ignore the insults written in Imperial, Royal and Arch-ducal proclamations. Since I speak from the Capitol and represent in this solemn hour the People and the Government of Italy, I, a simple citizen—*uno modesto borghese*—feel that I am far nobler than the head of the House of the Hapsburgs.”



Another impression I have received is that the dominating motive of the war has been modified. “Italy Unredeemed!” used to be the cry that filled the air—“Trent and Trieste!” So, too, we heard at the outset of the war of nations in France, “Alsace and Lorraine!” But just as the recovery of “Alsace and Lorraine” has become for France a mere inci-

dent, so for Italy the "redemption" of Trent and Trieste also has become a side issue.

That Italy always has hated Austria even the most superficially acquainted with the people must know. For Germany, however, in former years, there had been no special ill feeling. Even a week ago on my arrival here an Italian of high standing told me that he believed that the Italian Government had some sort of an understanding with the Kaiser. Bethmann-Hollweg's virulent attack upon Italy soon dissipated any such delusion and at the same time crystallized the growing anti-German animosity that began with the invasion of Belgium, was furthered by the bombardment of the Cathedral of Rheims and was rapidly culminating upon the sinking of the Lusitania.

Bethmann-Hollweg's speech "did the business." Today I find no distinction made between Austrians and Germans. If anything, the Italians are getting to hate the Germans more than they hate the Austrians, for they have been convinced that the victory of the central empires would mean the slavery of Italy to the Kaiser's Government. And whatever may be the defects of government in Italy, its people is a liberty loving people, quite anti-militaristic in spirit—a real democracy where the King reigns, as the law says, by "the grace of God and the will of the Nation."

While as yet Victor Emmanuel III. has not had the same opportunity for becoming a hero as that

other splendid constitutional monarch, King Albert of Belgium, he has again shown himself to be a real leader by turning over ordinary governmental affairs to his uncle and assuming the position of head of the army. Several times during the past week he has been on the firing line, where his simplicity of manner and genuinely human sympathy with his soldiers have an inspiring effect upon the men who are doing the fighting. Nor is he without a sense of humor, for on one occasion he was greeted so frequently and uproariously by the soldiers with the cry "Viva il Re!" that he turned to his adjutant and friend, Lieutenant-General Brusati, and remarked:

"That almost makes me feel like shouting 'Long live the King!' myself!"



The apparently normal state of affairs in Milan, of course, is due to the fact that so far the Italians have been fighting on the enemy's territory. It is a good many hours to the nearest point of hostilities, and then it is a war to a great extent in the mountains. None the less all necessary precautions are being taken, especially against attacks of aeroplanes and dirigibles. The Italian Aviation Corps are being reinforced by French experts. A half dozen of the latter who had stopped off at Milan visited the Galleria the other evening. Recognized, they were surrounded by a crowd at once. An en-

thusiastic Franco-Italian demonstration was improvised, and when the band in Biffi's restaurant struck up the "Marseillaise" there was a display of Latin emotion not easily forgotten.

It is a possible attack on the Cathedral that seems to concern the Milanese the most. There isn't a citizen who doesn't believe that nothing would give the Germans and Austrians more joy than to drop a few destructive bombs on the architectural masterpiece which is his city's pride and glory.

Anyone who has visited Milan will remember the immense gilded statue of the Madonna—"the Madonina," they call it affectionately—that tops the central spire. Well, the Madonina is having a monster cloak of gray made for her. When she dons it, though, she will seem more a Magdalene than a Madonna. She will be less a target for the enemy's bombs than she is at present. And, by the way, if you had strolled into the vast Cathedral with me this morning while service was going on, if you ever had visited it before, you would have wondered what strange thing had happened completely to change the interior of the Duomo. Gone all the "dim religious light!" Gone all that haunting, impressive air of mystery! The explanation? The stained glass has been removed from the windows, piece by piece, a most delicate and painstaking work, as you may imagine—all removed from the windows where they have been transmuting the

common light of the outer world into an atmosphere of sanctity for generations and generations, to be hid in some safe, unknown spot from the violence of that vandalism known as Twentieth Century Scientific Warfare!

A local historian makes bold to say that this is the first time that the stained glass decorations of a sacred edifice have been unset and carried off to protect them from the profane hands of a possible invading enemy. He may be right. So, too, may be justified the writer in a local humorous paper who says he is preserving as a curiosity for his great-great-grandchildren to cherish, the parasol which his wife had to raise within the Cathedral to protect her from the sun while taking part in the services at high mass today, the Festa dello Statuto of 1915.



Passengers who arrived a few days ago from New York on the steamship Stampalia, including Maestro Giorgio Polacco, the Metropolitan Opera conductor, had the sensation of their lives. The vessel sailed Saturday, May 22. The captain before leaving received an anonymous letter telling him that if Italy went to war, before the Stampalia reached port she would meet with the same fate as the Lusitania! A nice "bon voyage!" Arriving at Gibraltar he received word from the Italian Government that three German submarines were believed to be

in the Mediterranean, using the Balearic Islands as a base of supplies. He was ordered to change his usual course, not stop at Naples, as scheduled, and make for Spezia instead. From Gibraltar to Spezia the Stampalia did some very fine zigzagging, with lights down at night and the lifeboats ready for service at any moment. No submarine attacks occurred, however, and the Stampalia reached Spezia without further incident, proceeding to Genoa next day. Were the passengers glad to put foot on terra firma? Ask yourself.



By the way, anyone who comes to Italy for sight-seeing this summer will be sadly disappointed if he expects to see much of the country from the train windows. He will see exactly nothing, for the military order is that the curtains must be closed on every window. I traveled four hours from Genoa to Milan without getting more than an occasional stealthy peep at the outer world, and had even the same experience in an hour's ride in an electric train that runs between Milan and Varese.

And speaking of Varese—in concluding this rambling letter—if you really do come over you can occupy the late J. Pierpont Morgan's favorite suite—you and your family—at the palatial Excelsior Hotel (best golf links in Northern Italy; panorama unrivaled, etc.) for not much more than ten and a half francs a day, food and all modern comforts

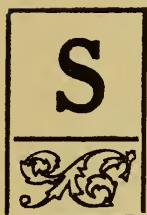
included! There are twenty patrons at present at the immense hostelry. Signor Bonelli (who owns it all by himself) told me he didn't mind having one or two more; their presence might add to the gayety of the season!



II.

Venice as It Appeared After Three Aeroplane Attacks—A City That Lived on Its Tourist Trade Void of Strangers—Experiences of an American Visitor—Conte Zorzi Talks for His Fellow-Citizens—Night Doubly Dark.

VENICE, THURSDAY, June 10, 1915.



HADE of Goldoni! Shade of Casanova!

Shade of all the doges that ever ruled the Queen of the Adriatic! What would anyone of them say if in the flesh he could visit Venice in these days of war?

Never, surely, did anyone of them in his time see what I have seen since arriving here yesterday—a Venice in total obscurity!

Not a street lamp lighted at night! Not the faintest candle glow from a residence window! Not a twinkle from a gondola lantern on the placid laguna! Not even a ray of moonlight! Were it not for the stars alone the nights would be black as Erebus! Think of it, you who know Venice in her gayest aspect, and try to picture her present condition—a city that was ever widest awake in the small hours of the morning now compelled to go to bed with the pigeons of San Marco!

I had decided to run over here from Milan to get what would be my first impression of Venice in

spite of the abnormal conditions, when I read in the evening paper of a third Austrian aeroplane attack. This intensified my curiosity. So off I started Wednesday morning. Five hours and a half on the train with all the window curtains tightly drawn and the compartment crowded is not much fun; but the tedium was relieved a bit when by a strange coincidence I discovered that my neighbor was the brother of Maestro Tanara of New York, whom I had seen the day before sailing. He got off at Padua on his way to Udine, very grateful for the fresh family news I gave him.



Arriving at Venice station, being apparently the only foreigner in the train and having heard of the suspicion with which all strangers were being regarded, I carried my own satchel, asking no questions, and simply followed the crowd as nonchalant as possible. Did I take a gondola? Not a bit of it; and I am going to leave Venice with what I believe must be a record for an American visitor—I have not been in a gondola once during my stay! The three cents omnibus steamer or vaporetto was good enough for me. The weather was damp, gray and chilly as I took my first ride along the Grand Canal. There was hardly a sign of life on either side; not one face at a palazzo window and passing gondolas quite infrequent.

At the Rialto Bridge I did discover at least half

a dozen persons on the embankment, and by a happy chance the mist lifted about this time, so that when the boat stopped and I got off at the San Marco landing the view of the laguna from that point was truly enchanting.

Here I found much more human activity and realized that in spite of the departure of all foreigners, except about thirty or forty Americans and English, it is probably true the present population, including the soldiers, who swarmed everywhere, is about two hundred thousand. Taking the precaution to pin a miniature American flag on my lapel, I proceeded along the narrow streets, still following the crowd, passed through an archway, till I found myself looking out on what I realized was the Piazza of San Marco, to be dumbfounded by the modernity of the rebuilt Campanile, contrasting so rudely, as I thought, with the fantastic, Oriental, exotic beauty of the Basilica, whose marbles have been enriched by the passing of centuries.



At last I ventured to inquire my way to the Hotel Jolanda, and had response from three or four amiable idlers who recognized my nationality and were convinced I was not a German spy. A clean, bright faced youngster who said he was Tony Origoni impressed me most favorably. I made a bargain for his services as guide at two francs a day and perquisites. He took me along the arcades of the

Piazza, where one after another of those shops so enticing to American visitors has been closed. He introduced me to the San Marco pigeons and bought me two cents' worth of corn to feed them, while the street photographer, who had been fast asleep, woke up to make a snapshot as the pigeons perched on my hand and hat. Poor pigeons! they don't get as much to eat these days as they do in normal times, so that a stranger is a welcome visitor. Around past the Ducal Palace, along the water front, over the Paglia bridge, from which one sees the Bridge of Sighs, past the famous prison and a few steps more and Tony landed me safely at the hotel named after the oldest daughter of Italy's royal family.

Signor Inganni, the proprietor, was both surprised and cordial. His is one of the few hotels still open, and all his other guests were army and navy officers. I convinced him also that I was perfectly harmless and got a room, after which I lost no time in finding, with Tony's aid, the police headquarters, where I had no difficulty in getting the necessary permit to stay in Venice.

"Glad to see you were not afraid of the aeroplanes," said the Commissioner. "They haven't frightened the Venetians in the least. And they have paid well for their stupid attempts to annoy us."



Armed with my permits, I started out to find the

office of the *Gazetta di Venezia*, the leading newspaper of the city, to present a letter of introduction to the editor, Conte Elio Zorzi. Tony led me by devious ways over many little bridges back to the Piazza San Marco. We stopped to look at the masons reinforcing the Gothic arches of the Ducal Palazzo with solid brickwork and piling tons of small bags of sand around the base of the Campanile. We peeped into San Marco Church, where we found more sandbags piled against the walls, the statues of the twelve apostles swathed in stuffed bagging and scaffolding being erected everywhere that the protection of the edifice from injury from bombs could suggest. Despite the noise of hammers a religious service was proceeding calmly and devotionally, though there were more priests around the altar than worshippers.

Out again to the Piazza. More movement was in evidence, but more than half the men you saw were officers or soldiers. The tables within and in front of the fashionable afternoon tea rooms on the north side of the Piazza, Quadri's and Lavena's, were filling up. As every civilian and many of the military were Venetians, the entire absence of the usual foreign element made it a big family party. The women seemed quite smartly dressed. The war has only begun for Italy and the time hasn't arrived for the dominant black note in women's toilets.

I had been walking five minutes through more narrow labyrinthian streets when a naval blue-

jacket hurried up behind me and, tapping me on the shoulder, asked me who I was and what I wanted. Immediately a crowd gathered around. I looked for little Tony, but evidently he got scared, for he had disappeared. I smilingly assured my naval inquisitor that I was anything but German and that my mission was irreproachable, handing him my passport and police permit. He made me remove my hat, to see if I resembled the photograph and was going through the movements of seeming to read the documents for the benefit of the crowd, when an infantry captain came along.

"What is this?" he asked of me, very courteously.

I explained. Just what he said to the zealous sailor man I don't know, but it was short, sharp and decisive, and his departure was so abrupt that immediately the crowd, with true Venetian sense of humor, "handed him the laugh," while a young soldier approaching me said in excellent English:

"Are you from New York? I am, and if you are I'll take you anywhere you want to go."

"So will I," said an old chap with a pointed beard, who looked like a G. A. R. veteran (also in tolerable English), and who added in a whisper: "Are you a Mason? Sshh! Masons are not very popular in Venice."

The soldier proved to be a Neapolitan, Giuseppe Firo, who had been a barber at the Hoffman House. My Masonic friend was one Leone Levi, agent of the Wilson Steamship Line and a former anti-Aus-

trian conspirator, who years ago had to run away from Trieste to save his skin. Thanks to their courtesy, I soon reached the *Gazette* office and Conte Zorzi.



A descendant of the Doges (as I afterward learned), I found Conte Zorzi a young man of charming personality—tall, slender, refined in feature—a true Italian aristocrat. He, too, was surprised to know that any American would think of visiting Venice at such a time until he learned that I was a colleague.

“Glad to do anything in my power to serve you,” said he, “but I have to report to my regiment twice a day and may have to leave for the front any day. However, as we have an hour to spare let’s go to have tea at the Piazza.”

We were about to start when a boy brought Signor Zorzi a handful of press telegrams. Glancing over them, he suddenly remarked:

“Ah! here’s something that may interest you!”

And it did! It was the news just arrived of William J. Bryan’s resignation. Of course he wished to know what I thought of it and what effect it might have on the attitude of the American Government toward Germany, etc. What did I tell him? That, my reader, is a professional secret.

Glancing around the San Marco Piazza as we

sipped our tea, I remarked that the gathering seemed to be fairly numerous.

“Well, my dear sir,” said Signor Zorzi, “there is nobody here—practically nobody. This time a year ago you would have seen a multitude. Hundreds and hundreds of the young men of our best families have left for the front, many of them volunteering because they hadn’t been called. The fact is no city in Italy has felt the war or is likely to feel the war so keenly as Venice, so near are we to the field of action. Furthermore, there is no part of Italy where a more ardent patriotism exists. Do you know that Venice was the first to use the term *Patria* as applied to Italy? It is true, and we’re very proud of the fact. Remember also that the Trieste district and the Dalmatian coast were ours—Venice’s—and always have been ours in race and sympathy. For instance, a Dalmatian-Venetian steamship company was being formed recently. The Dalmatians asked that the vessels fly the old Venetian flag in preference to any other. Here, too, we know from our fathers what Austrian rule meant in its most tyrannical form. Never, in my mind, was a war more just or more popular than the war we just have begun. Our Green Book and Salandra’s magnificent speech should satisfy every neutral.”

Of Signor Zorzi’s earnestness, enthusiasm and confidence in the outcome there wasn’t a shadow of a doubt. As he seemed to know almost everybody we met I take it that his opinion is thoroughly rep-

representative of Venetian sentiment, especially as the business director of the paper, Cavalieri Bolla (who, I learned, is a leader of the Conservative majority in the city government) later on expressed himself in like manner.



“As you come from a great republic,” continued the Conte, “I hope you will observe the paradoxical fact that while Venice is one of the most intensely aristocratic cities in Italy it is really one of the most democratic. Go back and you’ll find that intelligence always furnished the basis for ennoblement in Venice. The people at large always recognized this and their relations with the old aristocracy have always been cordial, never servile. This Piazza is the Salon of Venice, where every one comes to meet everyone else—and you will note that the simple woman of the people with dark eyes, dark hair and traditional dark mantilla takes her afternoon stroll with her companion under the arcade with the same air of independence as the lady of the noblesse. And now more so than ever, for she, too, has sent a brother, father or sweetheart to fight for her country’s future freedom with just the same spirit of patriotic sacrifice as her social superior.”

Signor Zorzi told me that I must not expect to see anything but the external beauties of Venice, as all the fine works of art had been removed from

the galleries and churches to elsewhere in Italy. No one is allowed to enter the Ducal Palazzo. To ascend the Campanile is forbidden, although I saw no indications of a wireless telegraph installation. Certainly San Marco's Church is not being put to military uses, so that there can be no possible excuse for its bombardment. Yet three aeroplane attacks have so far been made on Venice. The first occurred before it was officially known in Venice that war had been declared. On this occasion an aeroplane was brought down and two aviators captured. On another occasion the Austrian pilot and his mechanic lost their lives. At the last visitation a bomb fell in the Royal Garden near the Piazza. Two visits took place, about four o'clock in the morning, the other about eleven o'clock at night. The Venetians were amply warned of the approach of the hostile aviators by the loud-voiced sirens at each end of the city. I am assured by the American Consul, B. Harvey Carroll, Jr.—a bully good fellow from Texas—that there was no undue excitement, however. The fact is that the Venetians received the aeroplanes in much the same spirit as I remember the Parisians did ten months ago.



It was eight o'clock when I sat down to dinner at my hotel, and I was just about to peel an orange when suddenly the electric lights went out. It was five minutes to nine. The proprietor rushed to

close the solid shutters of the windows while the waiters hurried with candles for the tables. Then it was that I realized more keenly that these are war times in Italy. The night before I saw Milan brightly lighted as New York. It was another story in suffering Venice! In Milan business seemed to be going on apparently normally. In Venice it may be described as nil. A port that has an annual tonnage of over three millions absolutely closed! A city that thrives off its foreign visitors almost without a stranger in the streets! A city heretofore illuminated at night like Fairyland suddenly assuming the aspect of a City of the Dead!

"Yes," said Boniface Inganni when I asked. "Yes, you can go to the Piazza San Marco for your coffee, as you seem to have learned the way; but I advise you not to make any inquiries as you go along."

Groping to a table near a little group under the arcade I found a chair, and when the waiter approached I simply said "Caffe!" I got it, sipped it slowly and silently, as most every one else was doing; watched the shadowy human figures that passed and repassed across the Piazza; feared even to strike a match to light a cigar; finished my coffee and laid a franc upon the table. The waiter took the coin and handed me the change. I don't know if it was right, for I made no effort to see, but simply handed him a tip, and, putting the rest in my pocket, walked away without uttering a word.

It all was so spooky—so like a strange dream! I confess I didn't feel quite comfortable, and as I

paused for a few moments to look again at the Bridge of Sighs, which certainly never presented an aspect more sombre than at that moment, a bit of a shiver ran through my bones and made me glad to get back to the candle-lit lobby of the Jolanda.



III.

Apology of a "Loafer" in War-Time Venice—Rare Fascination of the City of the Doges in These Bellicose Days and Nights—The Disappearance of San Marco's Horses—Tramping with Tony and Elio—An Adventure at the Lido.

VENICE, SATURDAY, June 12, 1915.



WAR-TIME VENICE is so fascinating that it is with regret I am returning to noisy Milan today. I've spent three nights here—and what nights!—the heat of Hades, with one's solid shutters closed tight as wax—but no sign of another enemy aeroplane.

Perhaps the Austrians have heard by this time that the Italian Aviation Corps has been reinforced by a corps of picked French experts. I met the French Naval Captain in charge of them this morning. He talked quite frankly to me and expressed himself as more than satisfied with what he had seen of the Italian army and navy. The Italian artillery especially impressed him. As to further attacks by air on Venice he couldn't speak, "but," he added, "we're fully prepared for them, and if the Austrians are anxious to come again they will have a lively reception."

"Highbrows" may wonder what on earth I've been doing with myself all this time in Venice with the city in blackness of darkness at night and with the museums and show places closed to the outsider, and the fine pictures and other valuable objects of art removed from the churches.

To be honest, I've simply been loafing. And I can't imagine any more ideal loafing place at this particular time if you can stand the sirocco and its oppressive heat. For there are no impudent, intrusive professional "guides" to annoy you; the well-to-do and those not quite so well-to-do citizens are contributing their money and services so generously toward the relief of the needy that seldom does a beggar approach you; the endless labyrinth of little streets is so inviting to curious exploration with a picturesque surprise awaiting you every five minutes of your wandering; so genial is the manner with which you are received by the proprietor of the little tobacco shop or refreshment bar, once he has "sized you up"; so lazy and careless is the movement of every man, woman and child you meet that it justifies your own air of idleness; so delicious is the coffee they make for you with their Italian "caffè espresso" machine and serve at a zinc counter; the Venetian pastry (war hasn't interfered with its production) is so tempting even to the dyspeptic palate, and the provincial wine so fragrant, innocuous and—cheap; and, above all, there is the self-flattering consciousness that you are almost the only outsider, a sort of privileged

guest, in this rare city that boasts itself possessor of the purest Latin blood to be found anywhere on the Italic peninsula.

Consider all this (and it is a mere suggestion to your imagination), and then can you imagine any pastime more physically, mentally and morally profitable than wartime loafing in Venice "the Serenissima?"



You may remember that I told you of the abrupt disappearance of Tony, my little improvised guide, when I was "held up" as a "suspicious character" the day of my arrival here. Well, what was my surprise when about to leave the hotel early the next morning to find Tony awaiting me outside. He looked a bit shame-faced, and as if to fortify himself brought another little chap named Elio Zanoni (Do you remember your Bulwer Lytton?) with him. Tony is slender, serious, reserved; Elio is plump, round of face, merry of eye, more typically a Venetian boy of the people. They make a good pair. I asked Tony no questions as to why he deserted me and he volunteered no explanation. We seemed tacitly to agree that explanations were unnecessary. It was plain, however, that somehow or other his confidence had been restored, and from then until now Tony and Elio have been my shadows, excepting when from time to time I suggested

that they run away and amuse themselves, as I didn't expect them to work themselves to death.

We had a good morning of it, too, for the little rascals kept me going for four hours. They thought I should begin by making another visit to San Marco's Church, especially to show me the vacant space over the central doorway.

"There's nothing up there now, you see," said Tony. "They took the four horses away and hid them so that the Austrians couldn't throw bombs on them. Where? Oh, nobody must know, but they're safe. It would be awful if anything happened to them, you know, for all we Venetians love San Marco's horses. They've been there for centuries."

The boys' reverential affection for the horses, while not based on any definite historical information, is representative of the feeling of the entire population of Venice. Conte Zorzi, my newspaper friend, subsequently told me that when it was decided to remove the San Marco horses the announcement was a real shock to popular sentiment. Nothing is more symbolic of the greatness of Venice than they, for they were brought by the great Doge Dandolo from Constantinople, which Venice had just captured, and where they adorned the Arch of Constantine in the very beginning of the thirteenth century, when the Venetian republic was at the height of her glory. Over the portal of San Marco they remained until Napoleon took them to Paris, whence they were returned after his downfall.

"What! Take down the horses!" exclaimed the man in the street and his wife as well. "Why, it would be like lowering our flag at the approach of the enemy!"

Practical counsel—and it may surprise many Americans what practical common sense is to be found these days in high places in Italy's government, national and local—prevailed. The bronze horses were carefully "boxed," and in the presence of a multitude of citizens in the Piazza were tenderly lowered to the ground. It was an emotional occasion, I am told, and there were many moist handkerchiefs during the proceeding. Venetian humor, however, soon took a more cheerful view of the disappearance of the horses.

"They've gone to the front," it said, "and are now galloping toward Trieste. Later on they'll reach Vienna."



Leaving San Marco's church the boys kept me on the go, steadily walking. They seemed to regard the Rialto bridge as a very important feature of their city, and insisted upon my making a thorough inspection of the Fish Market. They were not so keen about churches, but they were very anxious that I should see another horse, of which they evidently were very proud. and which, they told me, was not going to leave Venice. So they took me on quite a tramp past the statue of Goldoni along a score of different little streets and alleys until we

reached an open space facing the Church of Saints John and Paul.

"There it is!" said the boys. "That's the finest bronze horse in all the world," and then directed my attention to the equestrian statue of Bartholomeo Colleoni, who, your history will tell you, was a famous fifteenth century Venetian military chieftain (though he came from Lombardy) in process of being encased in a wooden framework. later on to be submerged in sand. As the Colleoni horse was modeled by the Florentine master Verrocchio, it may be noted that the opinion of Tony and Elio has been confirmed by some very eminent authorities! This interest in horses on their part at length led me to remark:

"I don't suppose you boys ever saw a real live horse."

"Oh, yes, I did," replied Tony. "I've often seen live horses."

"Where?" I asked.

"In the theatre!"

"And I've seen them at Mestre," spoke up Elio, Mestre being the town at the mainland end of the long Venice railroad bridge.

I was rather tired when the boys brought me back to my hotel. I've no idea how far we had tramped. I think the little rascals were having a bit of a joke at my expense.

"Elio," said I to one of them, "do you know how many bridges there are in this city of yours?"

"Not exactly, Signor," he replied, "but there are a very great many."

"I've heard there were nearly four hundred," said I.

"Perhaps there are, Signor."

"I'm sure of it, for you and Tony have taken me over at least two hundred of them."

Tony's mouth opened, but Elio, who was the wit, replied:

"Then we'll take you over the other two hundred tomorrow."



Everybody who visits the city in normal times visits the Lido, the big sandbar that shuts off the Laguna from the Adriatic—a sort of Long Beach, or rather Fire Island kind of place, with a magnificent hotel which can be blown up in five minutes if military necessity demands it. "Nothing doing" at the Lido this summer! No gay bathing parties of foreigners frolicking on its far-famed beach!

"Can I visit it?" I asked a most interesting old gentleman of the old-fashioned Union Club type, who spoke perfect English and whose card bore the name Olivero Mozzani.

Parenthetically let me say that I met Signor Mozzani by chance in a dim little wine shop on a quaint little narrow street sipping a beautiful amber fluid which I discovered was a light Verona wine, which retails for two cents a goblet. (Jim

Huneker would give up Pilsener if he could taste this stuff.)

"You might have to make a lot of explanation," Signor Mozzani replied, "and I can hardly advise you to try it."

So I gave up the idea; but when after dinner I noticed a steamboat at a landing near my hotel taking on passengers and learned that it went to the Lido I thought it would be no harm to attempt the round trip—about twenty minutes each way—and get a cooling off. It was quite dark when the boat reached the other side of the Laguna. I sat still, with no intention of going ashore. In a few minutes, however, on came two soldiers with guns, two policemen and three or four other ununiformed persons. They surrounded me immediately.

"Well, I'm in for it this time," I said to myself and felt in my pocket to be sure I had my "documents."

"Who are you, signor, and what do you want here?" said one of the soldiers with a gun.

"Simply an *Americano onesto*," I replied, "taking a steamboat ride to try to get cool. I didn't want to get off at the Lido, and I hope you'll allow me to spend the night as usual in my hotel. Here are my papers."

They saw I was good-humored and were very courteous. "Sorry, signor, but in the circumstances you must come to the *Questura* (Police Commissioner) and let him decide."

"Delighted to meet him," I responded. "But I

hope there is another boat back to Venice. I assure you I haven't the least desire to spend the night at the Lido. I thought Venice was dark, but over here it seems to be several degrees darker."

They assured me pleasantly there was another boat, and off we went along what seemed like a nice shady country road. Ten minutes' walk with my guard brought us to the Commissioner. I found an amiable-looking man in his shirt sleeves. I don't know what my captors told him beyond the fact that I confessed being a newspaper correspondent, but I had my passport and letters of identification in his hands with great promptitude. He examined them carefully, but my passport interested him least. When he read a letter I had recently received from an Italian friend, who lives in Sorrento, he looked up and said:

"That's sufficient for me. I'm sorry you have been put to this inconvenience; but I see that you understand this is war time."

"Thank you," said I, "and if there is a cafe in the neighborhood open, can't we all go over and have a little refreshment?"

"If we do," replied the Commissioner, smilingly, "you won't get back to Venice on that last boat. Come to the Lido after the war and we'll accept your invitation."

We shook hands, wished each other's country well and parted, my captors this time all accompanying me back to the boat as a guard of honor.

When I met Signor Mozzani in the morning he

chuckled. "Served you right," he said. "Only what a pity they didn't keep you all night. It would have been an interesting experience—eh?"

"Wouldn't have been so bad," I replied, "if I could have had a bag of Venetian cakes and a little flask of that Verona."



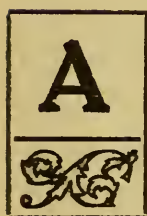
Nothing better illustrates the economic disaster suffered by Venice than the condition of that most important of its industries—the lace business. I suppose every American woman who visits this city buys a bit of lace, and one of the show places is the great lace-making school and shop established nearly fifty years ago by the late Commendatore Michelangelo Jesurum. Signor Aldo Jesurum, the present head of the family, took me through his place. Not a customer anywhere in sight, though piled around us on shelves and stowed in cases were lace goods valued at probably a half million dollars. The beautifully fitted and decorated room—it was an old church—which is used for the school generally has nearly two hundred young girls busy with their fingers.

There were only five when I made my visit.

IV.

Back to Bustling Milan—Sad Incident on Leaving Venice—How the Belgian Broke Loose in Signor De Strens—Organized Munition Industries and Organized Charity at Work—Five o’Clock Tea at Cova’s—San Marino Is No Joke.

MILAN, WEDNESDAY, June 16, 1915.



ALTHOUGH it took only five hours to come from Venice to Milan, it seemed as though I had within that time traversed just as many centuries. It's a long way in imagination from San Marco's Byzantine basilica to the Galleria Vittorio Emannuele; from the tranquility of the grand canal, with its gondolas these days so few and far between, to the bustling activity that characterizes Milan central's piazza, with its human crowds and endless procession of circumnavigating electric tramcars. I left Venice last Saturday after luncheon, having been escorted to the railroad station by my little guides, Tony and Elio. We got to be great friends, the youngsters and I, and the native politeness, intelligence and sense of humor of those Venetian children of the people made an impression on me not likely soon to fade away.

I had just had my return ticket stamped when Elio, pulling my coat sleeve, directed my attention

to a gathering crowd at the station exit. A quartette of soldiers had just arrived. Between them marched a grisly-bearded peasant about forty years old, his hands behind him in a manacle. I caught a glimpse of the prisoner's face as the soldiers hurried him along toward the canal landing. In it was a look of despair—the look of a man in whom every spark of hope was extinct—a look to haunt you in your waking hours and trouble you in your dreams. The crowd, which knew what it all meant, watched him pass in silence.

“He shot an Italian sentinel, and is going to get shot himself,” explained Elio. “He was a traditore.”

The boys, like their elders of both sexes, took it as a matter of course. Already these little fellows realized that “war is war.” But I couldn't help shuddering. “Poor devil!” I thought. “He did what he could to help keep the Hapsburg family in a job,” and I wondered if the heroes of Serajevo were not wiser.

Bidding my young guides “a rivederci” and promising to send them picture postcards from America, I hurried to my train to find it just as crowded as one might expect in times of peace. The return trip was unmarked by any unusual incident except the curious coincidence that when we reached Vicenza, Signor Tanara, whom I met on my way to Venice, boarded the train and again entered the compartment in which I was seated. He had been at Udine and Cividale, quite close to the

field of military operations, and was in high spirits as a result of what he had seen and heard. All the other men in the compartment who were not soldiers were war supply agents or traveling salesmen, and I only regretted that my knowledge of Italian was not sufficient to follow their very voluble conversation and enjoy their stories and jokes, for judging from the way they enjoyed them they must have been good ones and quite up to the standard established by our "American drummers." The best I could do was to relate in "pidgeon" Italian two or three "Ford" jokes. I'm proud to say they "went" and perhaps are "going still."



Among the interesting people I have met in Italy is Signor Emilio de Strens, who is the chief representative in Italy of the Babcock-Wilcox Boiler Company, and to whom I had a letter of introduction from Mr. John Gilbert Ward, treasurer of the parent company in New York. Signor de Strens, who is an important factor in Milan's industrial and commercial life, was born in Belgium, his father having been a native of that stricken country; his mother an Italian. His father dying when he was nine years old, with his mother he then came to her parents' home in this country.

"And here," said Signor de Strens to me, "I've lived ever since, though business takes me frequently to England. Indeed, I've always consid-

ered myself an Italian, but I found immediately upon the invasion of my native land that there were two men inside of me, and that the other one who had been under cover so many years, was a Belgian. I was somewhat startled at myself to realize how the horrors of that invasion affected me! The Italian Government declared its neutrality, but, I assure you, the Belgian inside me did not. However, the Italian inside of me knew the facts. There was no other course for Italy at that time to pursue. We were totally unprepared for war. Some say that if we had marched then we would have been forced to march with Germany and Austria. There were neutralists and neutralists—some who were uncompromisingly against our getting into the general war; others who were only neutralists in appearance, their idea being to keep out until we were in condition to fight, and then cast our lot with the Allies.

“You should have been here when Salandra offered his resignation. The situation was most tense. We lowered the flags on our office. We felt Italy’s honor and future were at stake. But the instant we heard that the King had refused to accept the resignation and that war was ‘on,’ up went our flag again with Belgium’s. That was a happy moment for us all.”

Signor de Strens is one of the committee of civilians who are organizing the munition industry in this part of the country. He tells me that the spirit of co-operation among the owners and managers of

the big manufacturing industries would do credit to any nation. The months of preparation which preceded Italy's declaration of war have made it easier to adapt the various interests to the exigencies of present conditions. Nor should one overlook the spirit of charity which the city has shown in these hours.

"Within the past few weeks," said Signor de Strens, "over four million francs have been voluntarily contributed to the relief fund by our people. It won't be many days before it will touch five millions. That means a million dollars; but don't forget that a million dollars in an Italian city even like Milan signifies very much more than a million dollars in your rich country. Milan has set the pace and other Italian cities are worthily following her lead."



It doesn't require much effort to discover the fact that the Milanese are not merely giving their money generously toward the war relief organizations; they are nobly contributing their personal services as well. The Red Cross organization has been most active. New hospitals are being equipped continually. A portion of the central railroad station has been set apart for relief purposes, and many of the most prominent women of this city take turns day and night preparing for and receiving prisoners or wounded soldiers. Generally such arrivals from the front occur during the night. The prisoners as

a rule up to the present, after being fed at the Milan station, are taken out to the spacious old citadel in Alessandria. They include specimens of almost every one of the many races that comprise the Austro-Hungarian Empire. An Italian officer told me that they are a pretty good-looking lot of fellows, worthy foemen. The Hungarians especially make an impression on their captors, and from all accounts there is less bitterness of feeling as regards them than exists between the Italians and the Austrians proper. From a letter written by a Hungarian officer in captivity to his people at home the censor took an extract which was printed in the papers here.

"Curious people, these Italians," wrote the Hungarian. "Not a bit ugly toward us. Just a trifle cynical, however, in their view of life, but always chivalrous. I like the smart uniforms of their officers, which they wear with such a fine air. I should like myself to have a uniform made of their gray-green stuff, and I have decided that if it is possible I shall get myself a pair of the leather leggings which they affect and which are both so serviceable and stylish."

I wouldn't be astonished if by this time he has not had a pair of leggings presented to him by some Italian officer of his own rank. It would be an act quite Latin in its impulse.



War or no war, "smart" and near-"smart" Milan

continues to drink tea and eat ices and pastry at Cova's. You can't remain long in Milan without discovering Cova's, especially if there are "women folk" in your party or if, as an unattached male you have made the acquaintance of a nice Milanese family or some American or English resident. Cova's is a sort of combination of Sherry's and the Plaza palm room. Not quite so extensive in its appointments, to be sure, but what it lacks in spaciousness it makes up in coziness. It is just across the way from the famous Scala Opera House on one side and the de-Teutonized Banca Commerciale's office on the other side, while from the ever-coveted corner window you can look out on the statue of Leonardo da Vinci in the Plaza and see one of the lofty entrances to the Galleria just beyond.

I said that tea drinking continues at Cova's, but it seemed to me that "five o'clocks" just now are a rather perfunctory affair on the part of those who indulge in them. One sees many vacant tables, and women and men—the latter chiefly young officers awaiting orders—had the air of being there more by habit than for pleasure. Usually you might hear a half dozen languages being spoken, evidence of the tourist tide which flowed through Milan in ante-bellum days. Yesterday afternoon when I dropped in I heard nothing but Italian, and the fact that we were speaking English attracted more or less attention to our party. Incidentally, I may say that two ladies at our table were members of

a well-known Detroit family, mother and daughter, who have lived in Italy for five or six years, the daughter having chosen the opera as a career.

"Notwithstanding the war," said the younger lady to me "I expect to sign a contract in a day or two to sing at several opera houses in the south of Italy, including Taranto and Lecce—possibly also at Palermo, where they like me very much. During the winter and spring, before Italy entered the war, I had plenty to do. Apparently the provincial towns will continue to give their traditional season of opera if they can find the musicians for their orchestras. At all events, I'm going to stay right here in Italy, and there are several other American girls who like myself are remaining here, and who believe they can continue to earn enough to perfect themselves in the Italian repertoire." A fact which I confirmed for myself at Madame Bonini's famous Operatic Pensione in Cathedral Square.



When I left Cova's and strolled over to the Galleria, as usual toward dinner hour I found it as every other day I've been here, fairly well occupied by a walking, talking crowd almost entirely male. The patrons of the Savini and Biffi restaurants—the former has an admirable kitchen, the latter serves excellent music—were filling those establishments. I saw Ermete Novelli, the distinguished actor, well known in America, paying for his aperitif, and I

almost bumped into Maestro Puccini, accompanied by his son wearing the uniform of a second lieutenant, which reminded me that in the evening "La Boheme" was the attraction at the Carcano Theatre (which ranks after the Scala and Dal Verme), where Milan is having a popular price opera season. The tenor is none too good as a singer; "but," explained a sympathetic Italian to me, "he is a nice fellow and has six children." So the management continues to let him sing until he is called to the colors. Several theatres, by the way, are open at which popular Italian plays and translations from the French are on the bill. The attendance is imposing, but I hear that a large proportion of the audience is there by "invitation," and business at the theatre box offices—excepting those of the "movies"—is not very encouraging. Indeed, theatre people have had a hard time of it during the past year, and if those American girls I've spoken of succeed in realizing their hopes they may thank their lucky stars or exceptional talent.



Little San Marino has spoken. She insists upon being taken seriously and has officially declared her sympathies. Unimportant as this may seem, there were those who argued that if the tiny millennium-old republic had declared herself neutral an Austrian aeroplane could land there—just as a belligerent warship can enter a neutral port and recol under certain conditions—renew its sup-

ply of gasoline and then proceed to bombard undefended Rimini. San Marino's loyalty to "Mother Italy," however, has been announced in an eloquent proclamation. When news of Italy's intervention reached the republic it was received by the San Marinese with great rejoicing. Two hundred young men asked to join the Garibaldi Legion, but on learning that the Italian Government had decided against the formation of volunteer corps, at once enrolled in the Italian regular army. The official proclamation by San Marino, which followed, concludes thus:

"Our republic," it said, "is sacred to the gratitude and admiration of all Italy for having in her stormy days given a secure asylum to Giuseppe Garibaldi. Let us render ourselves worthy of our past so that Italy may be able, with the Poet Carducci, whose spirit presides over her new destinies, to cry out aloud:

"Honor to thee, ancient republic, virtuous, noble, faithful!

"Honor to thee, and may you forever share in Italy's life and glory!" "



In the same day's newspapers I find two little items of peculiar human interest. One of them tells of a youngster of seventeen who had lost all the members of his family in the earthquake of Pescina. An automobilist of the regiment sent to aid the stricken population took an interest in him, and he

became the mascot of his company. The war breaking out, the regiment was transferred to Bologna. Almost broken-hearted, the boy—his name is Cecchino—was left behind. The other night he turned up at the beloved regiment's barracks in Bologna and nothing would satisfy him until he was accepted as a volunteer to go to the front. He had traveled two hundred miles on foot, starting out with only forty cents. Yet he managed to get enough to eat during the eight days required to make the trip. Good luck, say we all, to Cecchino!

The other item deals with a certain Antonio Maria Ferri who, still possessed of his mental faculties and wonderfully vigorous physically, has just celebrated his one hundredth birthday at his little home near Bologna. Eighty years ago he did his military service under the Papal rule. This did not prevent his nearly being shot by the Austrians for sympathizing with and aiding the revolutionary party upward of sixty years ago. Imagine with what interest the old fellow must follow current events.

"The only thing that I can't make up my mind about," said he to an interviewer, "is whether to offer myself as a volunteer for immediate service or wait until the government calls out the class of 1816!"

It may pain some good folk to learn that Signor Ferri smokes a long pipe and confines his liquid refreshment almost entirely to the wine of his country. But I must add that he considers himself a model of temperance.

V.

Milan Gets a Real Taste of War—Affecting Arrival from the Internment Camps of Austria—Women, Children and Old Men By the Score—Confidence in Generalissimo Cadorna—War and Its Effect on Italian Music.

MILAN, THURSDAY, June 24, 1915.



AT last Milan is having ocular demonstration of the fact that Italy really is at war. During the past two days several thousand refugees from Trieste and Pola and the districts surrounding these cities of "Unredeemed Italy" have been pouring into the Central Railroad station.

A month long Odyssey has been theirs. Those who have reached the motherland are but the advance guard of thousands of others on their way. All classes and conditions are represented. But the great majority are women and children. The males are all over fifty years or under eighteen.

A touching spectacle they offer. Many of the women are persons of refinement. Most of the sex are of the humbler walks of life. And as for children—their name would seem to be legion! Dozens of poor mothers have babes in their arms with three, four, five and in one case eight other little ones clinging to their shabby skirts. A sad sight,

truly, its pitifulness intensified when one realizes all its meaning!

When Italy declared war the Austrian authorities immediately ordered all Italians out of Trieste and Pola. According to the stories the refugees tell, they were hustled off to the trains of cattle cars prepared for them. They barely had time to gather up a few wraps to supplement the garments they were wearing. High and lowly were treated alike. There was no respect of persons. All were Italians—"traitors." The ladies of a prominent family were returning from a party when the police notified them they must leave. They were not even allowed to change their evening gowns!

To Leibnitz, near Gratz, were taken all these "undesirables." There a huge camp of concentration is established. The Italians were housed to the number of three hundred each in barracks evidently constructed for the purpose. All had to sleep on straw. Men, women and children are said to have been mixed indiscriminately. The food consisted of coffee without sugar in the morning; a dish of potatoes and cabbage at noon and coffee with four ounces of bread at night.

Many young children and women became ill. Several infants died. All the prisoners could learn about the war was that the Italians were being steadily defeated by the Austrians; that Venice was captured and that the Austrians were on their way to Milan.

So things continued until last week the United States Minister in Switzerland received word from Ambassador Penfield in Vienna of the proposed repatriation of the interned Italians not qualified for fighting purposes. When the latter were told to prepare to leave Leibnitz they were in entire ignorance of their fate.

"Where are we going?" some of them asked the Austrian soldiers.

"We don't know," was the reply. "Perhaps you are going to Poland, perhaps to Hungary."

One can imagine the leavetakings from husbands, fathers and brothers who had to stay behind. Many wives begged to be allowed to remain, but the order to depart was inexorable and admitted of no exception. Several days the train traveled—this time, thanks to the interposition of Ambassador Penfield, the unfortunates had even first and second-class cars—through Austria, but few of them knew where they were going until the train stopped at Buchs, on the Austro-Swiss frontier.

There the Swiss Red Cross lavished its attention on the refugees, and all the way through the republic their wants were provided for generously. Arrived at Chiasso, on the Italian frontier, they are met by the Como Red Cross Committee and great is their joy to find themselves once again on Italian soil. As they come into Milan the local Red Cross and half a dozen other benevolent organizations take them to the big school and asylum buildings

near the station, give them everything they want to eat and provide clothes for those who need them.

Just now they are the one thought of this busy, commercial city, which, like New York, may at times seem selfish, but has shown on this occasion that it has quite as much heart as energy. Some of the refugees may remain in Milan, but most of them are being sent as quickly as possible to the cities and provinces in which they have relatives. What causes most general happiness among them is to find they can get nice white bread in Italy after the months and months of "war bread" which has been their fare in Pola and Trieste.



Newspaper correspondents are having no easier time in "getting to the front" with the Italian army than they have had elsewhere in Europe. Generalissimo Cadorna, backed up by the government, is determined that the outer world shall know as little as possible about his movements until he is good and ready to take it into his confidence. And no one here, even the newspapers, greedy as they are for news, questions the justice of his attitude.

By this time, I am sure, America has learned to appreciate the qualities of the Italian Commander-in-Chief. Like the great Joffre—with whom he is being compared—he is a man of few words and great determination. The nation has entire confidence in his wisdom and ability. His official com-

muniques are models of terseness and restraint. He never reports the occupation of a new strategic point until the occupation has been "consolidated." In several instances it was known "unofficially" in newspaper offices that such and such an occupation had taken place. But it was only days afterward that General Cadorna announced the fact, not the faintest allusion to which the newspapers in the meanwhile dared print. The occupation had not been "consolidated," and in General Cadorna's opinion till then it was not *un fait accompli*.

Naturally this gives weight to the official announcements from General Headquarters and fortifies the spirit of calm assurance that prevails all through Italy, again astonishing the American and Anglo-Saxon who, however, are realizing that the Latin people are far from being in a state of nervous decadency.

General Cadorna, I am told, knows the Trent and Trieste country like a map. On several occasions during the Austrian military manoeuvres in that region in recent years he and his friend and co-laborer, General Porro, have followed the Austrian troops and studied the territory disguised as peddlers. This sounds like a fanciful story, but I had it from a very reliable source.



Coming back to the "war correspondents": Most of them are "interned" at Verona—a two hours' run from here. Verona, one of the keys to Northern

Italy, with its wonderful Roman arena, rival of the Colosseum, once residence of the Ostrogoth Theodoric, home of the Montagues and Capulets, of Romeo and Juliet, is now a vast barracks. Everywhere the gray-green uniform which gives such a trim and tidy appearance to the Italian soldier of every rank! One would think that all Italy's army had been concentrated within those fortifications, the renewal of which was started by the Austrians early in the last century, little thinking they ever would be put to their present service.

Here it is, in Verona, that you find newspaper men of almost every nationality except Turk, German or Austrian, all awaiting some fortunate opportunity of at least getting a little nearer to the scenes of action. Other civilian strangers are chiefly business men interested in army contracts. Every hotel is packed and it is almost impossible to find a place to sleep in a private house. Verona never knew such times. But woe betide the stranger who, failing to find a bed in a hotel or inn, attempts to sleep in the open! Off to the station house he is taken by the patrol, and in the morning, unless he can satisfy the Commandant General Gobbo that he has a very good excuse for being in Verona at all, he may have to stay behind prison bars for a week or more before he is put on a train and sent where he really belongs.

During their open hours eating places of all sorts are kept so busy they find difficulty in getting supplies. I told you about the Verona wine I found in

Venice. Fortunately, I understand, there is plenty of that still on hand!



War and music! They're not unrelated. What about the "Marseillaise," "Die Wacht am Rhein," "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" and "Tipperary?" But I don't want to discuss the Muse of Mars. I leave that to Brother Krehbiel. I want, however, to call attention to the views of Adriano Lualdi, a prominent Italian writer on music, who, to my mind, strikes a chord to which every lover of music in America should respond.

"Music," says Signor Lualdi, "is the art that always has been in the advance guard of our national movements, but with us it has been suffering of recent years from the same malady that has afflicted the entire human race and of which we hope this war will prove the cure. A period of musical decadence in Italy, said some; of transition, said the wiser.

"Our young composers have not been lacking in vitality, in enthusiasm, in lofty aspiration. But they have been deceived and have deceived themselves. They have seen the works of modern composers of Germany and France applauded by snobs who neither understood nor enjoyed what they were listening to, but applauded because the works presented to them were from the other side of the Alps—noisy, ugly, tiresome, coarse, vulgar. And our young composers, instead of following the dictates

of their own Italian artistic souls and consciences, instead of giving us their own sincere thoughts, have permitted their work to be unduly influenced by French impressionism, Straussian hypertrophy or the semi-Orientalism of the Slavic school.

“The crisis in our musical art had to come. Now it has come, with violence. While hoping that this year will see the glory of our arms, I trust it will witness also the renaissance of our art. This is a war in defense of our nationality. Italian artists should be nationalists.

“We have heard attentively the works of foreigners, have applauded the good things—and even the ugliest, because they were signed by a foreign name. Well and good! But the evil begins when we try to imitate the imported goods. No one today could possibly confound modern German with modern French music. Yet there is some modern Italian music that might easily be confounded with the German or French school. This should not be. Italian composers should compose Italian music. Why should they remain in slavery to the stranger?

“The time is ripe. May this holy war not only give us back our just geographic frontier, but also define clearly the domain of our national art, which should have its own accent, its own character, its own strength, and should reject disdainfully as alms unsought every taint of barbarism.”

In other words, Signor Lualdi might say: “O for a Verdi of the twentieth century!”

And every one of us will say: “Amen!”

While the Socialistic *Popolo d'Italia* of Milan is making the same sort of campaign against the "embusques" and the "riformati" (those who escape military service for any physical cause, big or little) that Clemenceau did in his paper in France, no fault can be found with the example of one of the sons of the Duca D'Aosta, who joined the cavalry and is serving at the front as a private.

I saw him a few weeks ago in the Galleria here with his mother—who is tireless in her Red Cross work—and a younger brother, who is at the naval school. He is a likely young fellow, well put up, and promises to give a good account of himself. He cleans his own horse and asks no favors. In fact, he is suffering because of his rank, for a few days ago he deported himself so brilliantly in an action that had he been simply Giuseppe Sartorini he would have been made Corporal on the spot.



Italians with Teutonic names are having a hard time of it. Sometimes they find difficulty in convincing their fellow townsmen that they are not "Tedeschi." A lot of them held a meeting the other evening in Milan to discuss the question of changing or modifying their patronyms. One suggestion was to put the syllables "ita" before their original names. For instance, turn Stein into Itastein. They are thinking it over.

Today I find another suggestion in a newspaper

—the simple translation of the German name into the Latin equivalent, the following examples being submitted: Feldman becomes Campagnoli; Strauss, Strozzi; Falk, Falconi; Wassermann, Dell Aqua; Bauer, Contadini; Wurm, Del Verme; and so on.

However, so much red tape is necessary here to have one's name changed that the war in all probability may be over before Signor Wurm can be transformed into Signor Del Verme and Signor Wassermann, I venture to predict, will still be driving the Wassermann wagon long after the Peace Treaty has been signed.



VI.

Interview of the Paris Journalist, Louis Latapie, with the Pope—Discussion of Its Authenticity and Effect in Italy—Endeavors of Benedict XV. to Remain "Neutral" and Be an Italian at the Same Time—Bitterness of the Anti-Clerical Press—War and the Priesthood.

MILAN, FRIDAY, June 25, 1915.



VERY good Catholic believes that in matters of faith the Pope is infallible. There is one thing, however, about which Benedict XV's judgment is quite as fallible as the judgment of many another man eminent in public life—just how an interview with a newspaper reporter will look when his words are reproduced in cold type.

Louis Latapie, of the Paris *Liberte*, who achieved this newspaper "scoop," certainly has won the Iron Cross of Journalism. In newspaper circles in Italy the genuineness and textual accuracy of his now world-famed interview with the Pope are not questioned. Furthermore, I have talked with a journalist who was with Monsieur Latapie in Rome before and after the interview, to whom his French colleague gave an account of his talk with the Pope which coincided in every detail with the report of the interview as printed. But the trouble with the

interview as it was first published in Italy by the *Corriere della Sera*, one of the most enterprising newspapers of the country, was that it was entirely lacking in color, so to speak. Nothing was given but the bald questions and answers. It read like the stenographic report of the examination of a witness before a Congressional investigating committee.

It told what the Pope said, but did not tell just how he said it; and doubtless recognizing this fact, the Vatican felt justified in saying through its organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, that while "substantially correct," the interview as published contained "inexactnesses."

So much for the genuineness of the interview; now for its effect on Italy. It appeared here three days ago, but only in Milan. That it was wired to Roman newspapers is a fact. But the censor refused to permit its being printed that day in any city except this one. The title which the *Corriere* put over the article was simply the following: "Strange Opinions Regarding the War Attributed to the Pope"—"The Pope Talks About the War with a French Journalist"—"Relations with the Italian Government"—a very temperate headline.

The censor was more lenient the next day, when all the newspapers except the clerical organs printed extracts or summaries of various lengths with more or less editorial comment, the clerical journals either confining themselves to brief references casting doubt upon the authenticity of the

interview or remaining silent until the *Osservatore Romano* had something to say.



Now, after three days, during which all Italy has had a chance to learn all about it, I believe I can safely make the statement that the interview has made less sensation in Italy than in any other country in Europe. This is the opinion I have formed after talking with shopkeepers, lawyers, street car conductors, manufacturers, barkeepers, shopkeepers, policemen and the concierge of my hotel. What surprises me, indeed, is the indifference of the masses, high and low, to the Pope's opinions as reported by Monsieur Latapie. Why, I can hardly find an out-and-out clerical! So far as I can judge—and this is my third visit to Italy—the great majority of Italian “clericals” don't vote, because as yet Italy has not adopted Woman Suffrage. And I am told again and again by liberal-minded Italian men that a large proportion of the “clerical” leaders are “clerical” not because of religious aspirations, but for political profit.

“It is a pity the Pope talked at all at this time,” said a prominent Milan publicist to me. “He talked freely with Latapie knowing him to be a French journalist of Catholic bias. When Latapie presented the anti-German side of the war the Pope simply repeated the German replies. He wanted to make just as good an excuse as possible for the

Vatican's neutrality, and I am sure hadn't any idea that a patriotic Frenchman would print anything coming from the Pope that would be likely to disturb the peace of mind of France or its allies.

"Latapie's journalistic conscience, however, compelled him to tell everything the Pope said. But as far as the effect of the interview on Italy is concerned, you can tell your friends in America that it really amounts to nothing. We all know that there are powerful German influences in the Vatican—have always known it. Strange to say, one of the most potent Germanophile cardinals is a Hollander—Cardinal Van Rossum. The idea of the Temporal Power is still cherished by the Vatican, but we all know that the restoration of the Temporal Power is impossible if Italy's nationality is to remain a fact. Least of all need the Vatican expect aid in this direction from the Lutheran Pope in Berlin, His Holiness Guglielmo II. As for poor old Cecco Beppo of Austria—well, you know what all Italians think about him. He really doesn't count any more."



Apparently the only persons in Italy who have been really disturbed by the Papal interview are the "clericals" and—the Pope himself. No doubt that Italy's "fighting blood is up." This is a dead-in-earnest war as far as she is concerned. Every Italian feels that the nation's freedom is at stake. When men get their "fighting blood" up, to use the

old-fashioned Methodist expression, "they lose their religion." That's precisely the case here. I've talked with a Genovese who knows the Pope's family in Genoa very well, and another who, as a student in Bologna, knew him when he was Bishop of that city, and both had no hesitation in expressing their entire confidence in the patriotism of Benedict XV. I told you in a former letter that he had half a dozen nephews and cousins at the front, and I also told you how Erzberger, the Dernburg of Italy, was treated.

Only a few days before the interview appeared the Pope received Monsignor Bartolomasi, who had just been appointed Chaplain-General at headquarters, with rank of Major-General of the Italian army. His Holiness, according to eye-witnesses, was very much moved as the Monsignor took his leave. There were tears in his eyes and in his voice, it was said.

"Depart," said the Pope, as he gave the Monsignor Major-General his blessing, "with the good conscience that yours is a most lofty mission. In the name of God bear to the battlefield all the benedictions of the Pope." And as Monsignor Bartolomasi was about to go the Pope threw his arms around his neck and embraced him warmly.

Quite a human being, is Benedict XV. He remembers old friends, too, for when one of them from Genoa was received by him recently, and making humble obeisance, proceeded to address him as "Your Holiness," Benedict, with a Genovese

twinkle in his eye (more canny than the Scotch are the Genovese!), remarked:

"Tut! Tut! Carissimo Giovanni! We used to 'thee-and-thou' each other in Genoa. Let's do so still. Besides, you are not like some of those rich Genovese who, because our family was so poor, used to turn up their noses at me in my youth, but are now so anxious to do me reverence since I became Pope."

This is authentic. And this and the Monsignor Bartolomasi incident indicate that Benedict XV. has a heart. Surely it must be an Italian heart!



Of course, the utterance of the Pope could not be ignored by the Socialist press—the most anti-clerical of all. In the *Popolo d'Italia* I find an article entitled "The White Amulet." It is not very reverential, but I give it as an interesting "document." It is as follows:

"The frail old man who from the Vatican chamber follows the furious gallop of the imperial horses—he with the white amulet which every good Christian wears between his skin and his shirt to open tomorrow the azure doors of Paradise, has spoken sacred and Christ-like words which we gather into a fragrant bouquet to lay them—when it is possible—at the feet of the Cathedral of Rheims. God is for peace. Can the Germans be against peace and against God!

"This good old man before thinking of the mar-

tyred Christians has thought of the *interests* of the Holy See. These interests are serious. Belgian and French priests were ferociously shot against the walls of their churches, but the Pope cannot speak one word of pity or censure because—the Russians also shot priests!

“The women of Belgium were subjected to the beastly brutality of the German soldiers; the children were martyred, houses burned down, men massacred; but the Pope could not risk the least expression of horror because ‘the sisters of seven religious convents declared that they could not cite a single case of violence in their congregations, which were protected by the Virgin or some saint.’

“Alas! the poor mothers who picked up from pools of blood their little ones with their hands cut off, they were not ‘protected by the Virgin or some saint.’ The Cathedral of Rheims falls stone after stone, statue after statue, altar after altar; the German bombs bound into it, screaming, tearing it asunder more than the spirit of steel of Luther ever disfigured the aerial Church of Rome! Gazing upon this smoke, these howlings, these stones still burning like the bones of some dead giant, the occupant of the Vatican replies that he cannot pass judgment—the Vatican is not a court and does not pronounce sentence. No; the Vatican is only the modest office of a judicial peacemaker!

“But this is not all. The Lusitania is sunk. Women and babies, non-combatants, are swallowed by the sea; by the insatiable maw of the

ocean their tender white flesh is devoured. Not a cry escapes from the heart of the old man who is thinking of the *interest* of the Holy See. No, he simply retorts with another question: 'Do you think that this blockade which starves millions of innocent human beings is inspired by sentiments any more humane?'

"A cross of merit for him, too, O, blond sire of Germany! A cross of merit for him as well as for the commander of the assassin submarine! He deserves it! But Germany does not put too much faith in the marvelous virtue of the white amulet which just now she hangs in desperation to her neck. Out for ruin, Germany shall have ruin. God wishes it and does not wish it. His representative on earth defends her and does not defend her. The amulet has lost its charm. Other hands will seize the throat of this Lutheran friend of the Pope and compel him to put his knees to the ground. Germany will spit blood, O peacemaker exile of the Vatican!"



Turning to the *Resto del Carlino* of Bologna, a liberal paper whose editorial columns enjoy a special respect among the serious-minded Italians (Bologna is one of the oldest university towns of the world and a sort of rival of Boston), I find these comments:

"The interview says nothing new; nothing that

was not to be expected, as it is known to all who are in touch with Vatican politics that the Pope has been maintaining an attitude of watchful waiting and that he would not be slow to advance his claims as soon as the opportunity offered itself."

Benedict XV., the writer of the foregoing says, has chosen to abandon the policies of Pius X., whose idea it was that the Church should adopt moral means to achieve its final victory over the State, which to him was synonymous with Rationalism. The new Pope, on the other hand, is dreaming of a political solution of the so-called "Roman Question," a contractual solution which could never be anything more than "an expedient piece of humbug."

"He is thinking of himself," this critic continues, "not of the Catholics, not of religion, not of the crises with which the modern conscience is struggling. He wants the guarantees of the Holy See internationalized, which would resolve nothing, because the universal principles of the Church would be equally violated; for the Papacy still would be descending to a compact, to a compromise. The Church under the tutelage of the States of Europe would be exposing to a vastly wider sphere the same interests and difficulties which it encounters today in its relations with the Italian State. Its independence would be considerably lessened by its obligation to the States which assured its guarantees and which would use its influence in their internal politics to silence Catholic opposi-

tion. It would be the end of Catholic democratic initiative."

The writer adds that although Benedict XV. has assumed the heritage of Leo XIII., hostility toward the Italian State, seeking, like Servia or the other Balkan governments, to profit from the present European confusion, any attempt in such a sense will be frustrated at its first indication.

"It will be enough," are the closing words, "to remember Francesco Crispi and occupy the Vatican militarily the day the Pope attempts to set a snare for Victorious Italy."

It may be repeated here that it is widely believed in Italy that the Pope would have left Rome for Switzerland a month ago had he been sure he could come back.



You can see from these newspaper extracts how very plainly they discuss Pope and Church in this country. Everything considered, it is very astonishing this indifference to the Church in a great part of Italy. To me it seems that the clergy are chiefly to blame. Even in Southern Italy, in Naples, around Sorrento, nine men out of ten with whom you talk speak disrespectfully not of the Church, but of the priests. This is not so in the France of today.

The average priest is regarded in Italy as an idler, as a man who has chosen the cloth as a trade,

and an easy one at that. I say this with all respect to the Catholic Church, for I am sure that every sincere Italian Catholic will bear me out. Their eyes open when I tell them that an American Catholic youth who decided to study for the Church as he would for a professional career would be regarded with contempt.

Well, perhaps this war will effect a spiritual change in Italy as it is doing in France. Priests are not exempt from military duty here except when at the head of a parish. They say that today there are twenty thousand of them—many of them volunteers—already in uniform. The experience will go a great way toward making real men of them. Who knows but that the survivors of these twenty thousand fighting priests may not be the means of taking the Roman Church out of politics, of re-establishing the masses of the clergy in the respect and esteem of the intelligent population, of settling once and for all the question of Temporal Power by winning a spiritual supremacy over the hearts and some of this liberty loving people, whose most patriotic statesmen today uphold the doctrine of Cavour, the Father of Modern Italy—"a Free Church in a Free State."



And just to show that I am impartial, let me call attention to this fact, so little known in America, that there is another national Church in Italy besides the Roman Church. It is the Waldensian

Church, which has an organization—a very modest one—all over the peninsula. It has preserved its apostolic simplicity through the centuries and weathered many a storm of persecution, political quite as much as religious. I talked with a Waldensian pastor even in clerical “Venice”—a charming, cultured, sincere follower of the Nazarene. Leaving him, I asked myself why my good Methodist and Baptist and other Protestant friends in America were spending so much money sending missionaries to proselyte in Italy when right here is this centuries-old Church of the people that preaches the same evangelicism that they do and certainly must know and understand the Italian mentality as they never can. Why not send the Missionary Sunday collections to it and keep the American Protestant missionaries on the American side of the Atlantic for evangelical work in the American slums?



VII.

Vittorio Emanuele III. Proves Himself a Truly National King—Always Hero of the Man on the Street—Not Afraid of the Smell of Gunpowder—Stories About Him from the Front.

MILAN, WEDNESDAY, June 30, 1915.



DEMOCRAT-REPUBLICAN as I am and as every American should be, nevertheless of one thing I am convinced—that Italy needs no change in its present form of government so long as Vittorio Emanuele III. reigns as King. The present war has demonstrated this proposition more clearly than ever. Vittorio Emanuele III. is the idol of the people. He represents the people. He is the people's spokesman. He seeks to, and does, voice their sentiments just as sincerely and effectively as does President Wilson in these trying hours of Italy's history and the history of the United States. He is truly a national sovereign.

I say he is the idol of the people. By that I mean that today he is the idol of all the people. Ever since he came to the throne he was the idol of the common (forgive that word, so un-American, but which I use in its, may I say, mediæval sense) people. They liked him from the beginning because of his simplicity, his honesty, his genuine interest in

their advancement and well being. They were delighted when he got rid of all the social parasites of the Quirinal; when he did away with the gaudy functions which were only an excuse for aristocratic idlers to waste their time in mutual admiration; when he fitted up a simple villa on the outskirts of Rome in which to live like a simple citizen of a real republic with two or three domestic servants to attend to the royal family's daily wants, while he devoted his leisure hours to the study of the economic and social needs of his country.



Yes, the "common people" of Italy understood their King. They realized that he was trying to feel just what they felt, and, like a true patriot, he knew that the future greatness of the nation depended upon the protection of the interests of just these "common people," which Abraham Lincoln said "God must love so much because he had made so many of them."

But the Italian aristocracy, the "upper classes" (dash that expression!), they have not felt any too cordially toward their sovereign. "He's always been considered rather cold, you know," said an excellent but titled Italian gentleman to me. "Rather distant, so to speak. Doesn't get very close to us."

I didn't say so, but I understood what he meant by "us." It was the aristocracy. But the street car driver and the fish dealer in the Milan market

and the old farmer with whom I talked working in his little field ten miles out of Milan told a different story. All three of them had seen the King and Queen at the Milan Exhibition a few years ago, and all three of them told me about the King at Messina and at Avezzano, and the fish woman told me how simply the King bore himself amid all the foreign functionaries at the exposition and how disappointed all the fine ladies of high Milan society, who had decked themselves out in their most splendidly new Paris toilettes, were to see Queen Elena appear in a simple street frock that might have been worn by any tidy young department store girl in Milan.

Came the question of intervention. Powerful and insidious were the influences at work all over Italy against war. Secrets are coming out now that were hid for months and months. The United States had its Dernburg. Italy had dozens of them. Yet in spite of all this, in spite of the one-time omnipotence of Giolitti, the heart and soul of the "common people" of Italy were for intervention in the war of nations on the side of France and England and for the incorporation into the national territory of "unredeemed Italy" — Trent and Trieste.

As every one knows, it was the King who settled the question, defying his brother monarchs. Wilhelm and Francis Joseph. And he didn't wait a moment after signing the mobilization decree, but off to the front at once went he as Commander-in-

Chief of the Armies of Italy, turning over the ordinary affairs of State to his uncle. Then it was that even the aristocrats (who are pretty good sports as a rule) exclaimed in Italian what might be translated into Broadwayese:

"Well, our little King is the 'stuff' after all, believe me!"



So it happened that when I was talking today with my titled friend (who, by the way, is very restive because he can't go to the front for at least two weeks) sought to impress upon me that the past weeks have seen a great change of feeling (he meant in his class, of course) toward the head of the State, and he could find no terms too eloquent in which to sing the praises of Vittorio Emanuele III.

Nor has this "going to the front" of the King been a "bluff" or a "pose." Never has any one accused Vittorio Emanuele III. of being a poseur. He detests show. He drives through Rome with the simplest possible equipage. If he doesn't exhibit himself more frequently it is because he abhors just those theatrical effects which are so dear to Wilhelm Hohenzollern. Strange, too, for one would expect a King of Italy, a country so steeped in symbolism, so devoted to spectacle, to be the one to cater to that taste rather than the Emperor of a people whose mentality is so entirely different. Nevertheless so it is. And when it was announced

that Vittorio Emanuele had "gone to the front" Italy knew that her King would not have an attack of sneezing when he smelled gunpowder.

And "at the front" he is, for every day come stories to the newspapers, mostly in private letters of soldiers, who tell what they see of the little King's movements—not just where he is or has been, for that is forbidden, but of the things he does and says and dares.

"Your Majesty," said an officer approaching him during the first week of the war, "permit me to suggest that you retire from this point; you are exposing yourself to danger."

"Well, I'm not the only soldier in danger," replied the King, who remained just where he was until he had seen all he wanted to see.

His gray auto whirls away. At the bend of the shady road three little girls are standing. A tire bursts. Soon it is known it is the King's motor. The little girls run off, gather huge bundles of wild flowers. While the King is watching the new tire being adjusted one of the little peasant maids timidly approaches him.

"Your Majesty! These are flowers of Italy!"

The King accepts them graciously, pats each little tot on her cheek and cross-questions them on their school lessons (a cross-questioner, is Vittorio Emanuel III.).

The repairs made, off goes the machine with lusty peasant cheers for the royal occupant. Two days later the auto returns by the same road. The

King stops it at the bend. Where are the little girls? Oh, yes! here's one of them! But she must call her companions. She does; and when all three come forward to the gray automobile—less timidly than before—to each the King hands a box of bonbons with the royal arms so beautifully decorating the top. Imagine the delight of these youngsters! Imagine the happiness which Italy's Royal Democrat also experiences!



When conditions in the mountains demand it the King abandons the motor car and mounts a horse. Often he dismounts and does a bit of strenuous climbing. He's not afraid of physical effort. He likes to see the Alpini—the Alpine soldiers, those fellows with the little feathers in their slouch hats that Garibaldi so trusted at work. Two of these fine fellows were talking about the King being somewhere near the other day.

"I hope he'll come this way," said one of them, "I'd like to see him."

"And you can," said a voice from behind.

They turned quickly to see a little General with an alpenstock. At attention immediately!

"Never mind that," said the King. "Save all your ceremony for the enemy."

"And then," said the soldier who wrote the story of the incident to his parents, "His Majesty gave us each a cigar—of course I haven't smoked mine."

Nothing unusual for the King to lunch with the rank and file. Another soldier, a bersagliere, writing home, tells how His Majesty had his lunch hampers opened while an entire company sat around him on the grass. Next to the King was the letter writer, a corporal. The King addressed a remark to him. He rose to salute, but His Majesty would have none of that.

"Save your strength," said he. "You'll need it for better purpose. By the way, Colonel, have you another box of those biscuits? I think these boys would like to try them."

Just then the roar of the cannon was heard.

"They're at work beyond the Isonzo," remarked the King. "Get ready for action, my bersaglieri! We'll need your bayonets within less than an hour."

The regiment was in fighting shape in short order. The King looked them over with pride. Before starting every man wanted to present arms to his sovereign and to each he spoke a word of encouragement. At last all was ready.

"Forward, my boys!" said the King, giving the command. "Let's give the Austrians another lesson. Show them the value of the bayonets of the soldiers who fight in the name of Savoy! Forward!"

And with a yell such as the Louisiana Tigers might have uttered, off dashed the bersaglieri down the hill to give the enemy a dose of cold steel.

Another day when the King was on the eastern front a soldier approached him:

"Your Majesty!"

"Speak up."

"I am from Gorizia."

"Well what of it?"

"Why, Gorizia is still Austrian. I was an Austrian soldier, but I deserted. Now I'm a volunteer in the bersaglieri. I'm going to the front for the Italy that is yours and that is not yet ours. Gorizia is waiting for you. When will it see the tricolor? When will it see its new King?"

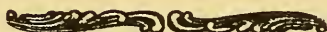
Vittorio Emanuele smiled. "Bravo, bersaglieri!" he said. "It won't be long before you will present arms to your King in Gorizia."

And so I could go on repeating dozens of incidents of the King's experiences at the front. Everywhere he goes he shows the same intelligent, earnest interest in what is going on as well as in the soldiers personally. He insists on their being well fed, and from all reports the Commissary Department of the Italian Army is most efficient. As for sleep, His Majesty can sleep anywhere and get along with very little. Even in peace times he is up with the lark, while his library lamp often burns till long after midnight.

I had the impudence three weeks ago to address as polite a letter as I could compose to the King himself requesting an interview with him at the front. This request wasn't granted—and no such request will be granted during the war—but I had

the honor of a most courteous reply on behalf of His Majesty from his Adjutant and friend, Lieutenant-General Brusati, direct from the camp. If His Majesty had received me I'm inclined to think that his words could have been summarized about like this:

"The Italian nation spoke a month ago. The cannon of the Italian army are doing the talking now."



VIII.

*Life in a Provincial Italian Town in War Time—
How Como Passes Its Days Without a Tour-
ist to Be Seen on Its Streets—No Sign of
Want—A Patriotic Play—A Night At the
Circus.*

COMO, SUNDAY, July 4, 1915.



I AM a "commuter"—a "commuter" in Italy. It sounds so "homey" to write that word "commuter" and to write it on this day of days in a country involved in the War of Nations. Every American visitor to the Italian lakes knows of Como; that is to say that she or he has landed in Como and stopped perhaps at my hotel, the Metropole, on the west side of the picturesque Piazza Cavour, in the evening, had a good night's rest and has left the town next morning just as early as possible. Como itself really did not count.

Now, this is not fair to Como. It is entitled to a place on the map any time. Just now, to me, it is specially interesting because in it I find a typical Italian provincial town, and its life and spirit in these times exemplifies the life and spirit of hundreds of similar communities in this country. It is a long way from the front, and aeroplane visitations on the part of the enemy would involve use-

less risk. So that from the point of view of safety it seems as little in danger as Kingston-on-the-Hudson or Fort Ticonderoga, on Lake George.

Evidences of a state of war? O yes! First of all on the train coming out; curtains on the windows; inquiries as to your identity, destination and object of visit; exhibition of passports and recognition of the fact that your attempts to speak Italian do not betray a German accent; polite apologies and assurance that you are a welcome guest, accompanied by a cordial shake of the hand. At least such was my experience, and I'm sure any other American would have had the same treatment.

The one public auto-taxi left in Como takes me to the central square—the Piazza Cavour. Everybody else who got off the train which first brought me here seemed to belong to the town, for they either started walking from the station or took an electric car. Usually toward the dinner hour the Piazza Cavour swarms with strangers. The space in front of the hotels and restaurants which surround it are crowded with diners. Four or five thousand tourists come and go daily. Boats big and little continually steam in and out of the little lake harbor.

What did I find? This hotel almost the only one open and the only individuals who seemed to be the city's temporary guests, the hundreds and hundreds of soldiers, infantry, artillery and Alpine in the depot awaiting orders to go to "the front." The other patrons of my hotel I discovered to be a jolly

Italian nobleman, Count Archinti, and his family, who found their villa, several miles over the hills, too lonely; Signora Dabala, wife of a distinguished General of Turin; Barone Massola of Genoa, a volunteer doing service as a sergeant, and the Baronessa, an English woman, and a half dozen officers whose wives from Bologna, Milan, Turin and Rome were spending the few days with them before their campaign work began.



Naturally in these times my arrival was a subject of comment; but Director Zaccheo, who is the James B. Regan of Como, accepted me at face value and "put me in right" after I had "squared" myself with the Police Commissioner. And now I have been here nearly two weeks, "commuting" to Milan and getting back to Como just as soon as I could, for Milan, as I told you, is noisy and modern and rather un-Italian, while here is a rare Italian town semi-circled by the loveliest of hills and mountains and facing one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the world. Here, too, is historic ground, and any little shopkeeper can tell you about Barbarossa, whose rude tower atop a tall hill guards the city on the south, and Como's one-time rivalry with Milan, and the life and times of the Pope who was born here, and can show you where Pliny the elder had his summer villa (if he'd stayed there instead of going visiting to wicked Pompeii he wouldn't have lost his life on a certain memorable occasion), and

can point with pride to the monument to Alexander Volta, also a native, the Marconi of his day, erected by the contributions of the world's telegraph operators.

But if you want to test the patriotic spirit of the population just say "Garibaldi!" Why, they can wave his red shirt today in Como as never the most rabid Reconstructionist "waved the bloody shirt" at a Fourth of July Grand Army of the Republic's celebration in those days, thank God, so long gone by.

Yes, the red shirt of Giuseppe Garibaldi in these tragic hours is brighter than ever in Como. It's not a "hurrah" patriotism, either, that discovers itself here, for a serious lot of Italians are they of this region. The tourist trade is important to the hotels, and the shops in and near the Piazza, and to the steamboat company, eighty per cent. of whose vessels are lying idle as the "Teddy Bear" locomotives of the American Railroad companies after the so-called "Roosevelt panic." The vast majority of Como's forty-two thousand inhabitants, however, could get along very well were the world at peace, without the tourist trade, for their silk and lace industries are immense and many other important industries, such as furniture, dyeing, shoes and ironwork, also help provide work for the masses; but while the manufacturers of silk still go on with little diminution, other businesses have felt the abnormal times. Yet there seems to be little, if any, poverty here; everybody looks well

dressed ; grocers, butchers and bakers appear cheerful, and as yet I have not had a single beggar approach me for alms.

A serious people, you see, and their pride in the many souvenirs of Garibaldi and their patriotism in the hour of their country's trial are in keeping with their general character.



The other evening a theatrical company came to town with a play entitled "Romanticismo," by Gerolamo Rovetta, a well-known Italian dramatist, who died four years ago. It is perhaps fifteen years old, but it deals with a conspiracy of Mazzini's followers against the Austrians sixty years ago, and the opening scene is laid in the old Poultry Market Pharmacy in Como—a pharmacy that exists today and which existed nearly two hundred years ago. (By the way, it has been run for three generations by a Guffanti family ; no relation, however, to the Guffantis of Seventh Avenue, New York.) "Romanticismo" with its anti-Austrian theme strikes the popular chord these days, and is being revived all over Italy, although for years it was forbidden in many cities for fear of offending Italy's former "ally." Here it was greeted with a packed house. The actors were neither Duses nor Novellis, but the audience gave them their strictest attention. No expression of approval or otherwise was heard until the dominant government's official in Austrian uniform and

wearing Francis Joseph side whiskers entered. Then you should have heard the whistles and cat-calls from the galleries! The Bowery couldn't have surpassed the derisive demonstration; and when the hero, just before the curtain fell, declaimed the patriotic oath of Mazzini, the enthusiastic applause that followed proclaimed in no uncertain tone the heartfelt sentiment of Como's citizens high and low. It was after the close of the play, however, that the audience gave most explosive vent to its feelings. One of the actors came forward before the curtain, and with fine spirit recited a patriotic poem by Carducci, every word and punctuation point of which seemed to be familiar to those before him.

Too little is known in America about Giosue Carducci, the great poet of the new Italy, who contributed quite as much in his way toward the unification of this nation as did Mazzini, Cavour or Garibaldi. The silk factory boys and girls in Como can tell you all about him. They learn his poems in the public schools. They know that he was a Tuscan country boy who had no more advantage in early life than they—not so much, indeed, for Italy was not Italy in those days. Dear to their hearts, to every Italian heart, is the memory of this Minister of the Muses, this Latin Walt Whitman, who dared to voice his inmost thoughts in the wonderful language of Dante, defiant of man and devil. And the finest public institution in Como today, it pleases me to say, is the Istituto Popolare Car-

ducci, started by the Como Pro-Cultura Society, built by popular subscription at a cost of a quarter of a million francs and ably conducted on the lines of New York's Cooper Institute by President Enrico Musa and Secretary Bedetti. With Editor Francesco Maratea, of the *Provincia di Como*, the daily morning paper, I attended an organ concert in its handsome music hall, given by the eminent Italian organist, Enrico Bossi, and I assure you I heard some fine organ playing. Maestro Bossi would be welcomed in America. As for Carducci, he deserves more attention from our students, and I suggest that his former pupil at the University of Bologna, Dr. Luigi Roversi, editor of the New York *La Folgia*, should bestir himself and inaugurate a Carducci propaganda as a beginning toward awakening a greater interest in modern Italian literature in the United States. The war is teaching a lot of Italy's physical geography. We should pay a little more attention to its intellectual map.



Since I have been here battalions of soldiers have been leaving every day or two for the front. Many, perhaps most of these young men, are from elsewhere than Como. But they are never allowed to leave without a sympathetic farewell. Numbers of committees of ladies have been formed to see that they don't leave empty handed. Countess Archinti took me with her committee to see a battalion of mountain artillery depart. She and her com-

panions had fruits and sandwiches, and handkerchiefs and anti-gas masks, and I can't tell you what besides, in abundance for all the "boys." The leave taking was cordial, but free from sentimentality. There were very few tears. I should say the soldiers were robustly cheerful. One of them made a graceful and eloquent little speech of thanks—quite Latin, of course—to the ladies of Como, assuring them that it was with confidence in the justice of the cause for which Italy is contending that they were going with cheerful hearts to do their duty. The whistle blew as he finished his peroration, and there was just one big cheer as the train pulled out with officers, men, guns, horses and ammunition carts. It was a long train, and the cheers lasted until the last car turned the bend beyond the station.

Fortunate will be the wounded soldiers who are brought to Como for treatment or convalescence. One of the first big buildings to be fitted up as a hospital is the splendid old sixteenth century palace left to the city as a boys' boarding school by a certain Cardinal Gallio. It is provided with four hundred beds, and a better equipped, more sanitary establishment could not be desired. Plenty of light and pure air and great height of ceiling. A committee of ladies has personally provided a stock of linen to astonish and delight the most exacting. Only last week the superb villa Olmo, fronting the lake about a mile west of Como, was turned over to the Red Cross by the Duca Visconti di Modrone,

the rich philanthropist and art lover, chairman of the Scala Opera House Committee, who pays the deficits year after year without a murmur, which is also being made ready for its new use. Dozens of other fine villas on the lake, with beautiful grounds, are also being donated for hospital purposes. So that I fear the wounded of other belligerent nations will have good reason to envy the lot of the Italian soldier who, put out of combat by a bullet or bayonet, is sent to Como to be nursed back to health and strength.



To prove how normally Como's economic life is proceeding, let me say that we had a circus in town last week—the Circo Equestre Tripolitania of the Fratelli Pellegrini—"Spettacolo Eccezionale"—"Indimenticabile"—a good, old-fashioned one-ring circus that reminded me of the circus I used to see when I was a little boy, so many years ago, in the County Cavan. I had a "bully good time" at the Fratelli Pellegrini's entertainment, and got my thirty cents' worth with a little more, too. My seat was in the front row, but the trick horse was so big and brawny, his legs were so long in comparison with the size of the ring, that I had to move back to the second line of defense, so to speak, in order to escape his volatile heels! Three clowns furnished the comedy. (Excuse me; not "clowns," but "pagliacci.") Would you believe it, one of them looked like Caruso and the two others like Pasquale

Amato and Antonio Scotti. The Caruso chap was a little bit of a fellow, about the size of Joe Weber, of Weber and Fields fame. Of course, just like Caruso, he always "got the worst of it." I'm sure the jokes were all from some good old Italian Joe Miller Joke Book, for the roars of laughter of the crowd proved their antiquity. One of them I really understood.

"That's a horse, you tell me," says the Scotti clown to the Amato clown.

"Certainly, you idiot; it's a horse!"

"And what do you call that part of him?"

"Why, the head, you stupid!"

"And that?"

"The tail, you blockhead!"

"And those four things?"

"The legs, the legs, you imbecile!"

"And all horses have four legs?"

"Certainly, you lunatic!"

"And asses, too? Do they all have four legs?"

"Of course they do, you unspeakable ignoramus!"

"Well, then, will you please tell me why God only gave you two?"

Do you recognize it? And, by the way, it is just as good if you make the Amato clown ask the question instead of the Scotti clown. I don't want to create any ill feeling.

IX.

Depressing News from Everywhere Except the Italian Firing Line—Appeals for Loan Subscriptions Admit Seriousness of the Hour—Italian Socialist Scores German Socialist Peace Talk.

MILAN, TUESDAY, July 6, 1915.



ARK hours seem these for the nations contending with the German-Austrian-Turkish armies. As I go through the Italian newspapers this morning it brings back memories of those days in Paris when von Kluck was almost at her gates—the Russians retreating, retreating; the English and French making little, if any, progress in the west; the German submarine defiant and deadly as ever; the fall of Constantinople still apparently so remote; the Balkan “neutrals” playing fast and loose with the Quadruplice, while Roumania sells her crops to Germany, while Bulgaria provides the Turks with munitions of war, while Serbia invades Albania, while the Greek merchant marine is making millionaires of its owners carrying contraband cargoes; while the Swiss Government puts the screws on the Francophile and Italo-philic press, and Spain is suspected of providing supply depots for German undersea war-craft.

The only cheerful items of news an anti-militarist can find in print over here today are the brief announcements of General Cadorna and Admiral Di Revel, of the Italian army and navy. They tell of a successful offensive at Carsico, southwest of Gradisca, with four hundred prisoners taken, the continued effective bombardment of Marborghetto, the aerial bombardment of the important railroad station of Prvacina and the serious damaging of the shipyard at Trieste by an Italian dirigible. Unofficially we hear the Italians are in Tolmino, but General Cardona is silent on the subject.



Italy is fully awake to the seriousness of the situation for the anti-Teutonic allies. While the censorship of the press is most exacting, as far as concerns military information, great liberty of discussion in other respects is allowed, although an understanding exists that as far as possible partisan political controversies shall be avoided. The necessity of making the new government four and one-half per cent. loan (offered at ninety-five) a success is the burden of daily editorial utterances scattered through the columns of the papers and printed in boldface type. Here is an example from the *Secolo*, an important Liberal journal of Milan. It is in deadly earnest:

“Today more than ever war involves not only a strategic event, but a combined effort on the part of

the entire nation. We cannot win with the arms and valor of our soldiers alone; it must be by the active co-operation of every citizen.

“You who read this, and know that the soldiers are doing their duty, have you done yours? Don’t be satisfied to wait until others do it; you would be failing in your obligation! Don’t be content in knowing that others are doing the right thing; you would be doubly culpable! You, too, must act!

“No use to conceal facts, and it would be evil to be silent. The trial is not over. The struggle will be bitter! None knows what the future has in reserve. Your country, your own personal interests, your family, your friends, all that are dear to you, their well being is at stake!

“What opinion will they form of you if you have neglected to do your part in the organization of victory, if you have neglected to do what you could to prevent a doubtful, unfavorable or even adverse result? You will be a traitor to your country, your family and yourself!

“Think of the grave hour that is passing in which even your aid is needed. You who do not give your physical energy, your blood or your life, you should give another force—your money!”

This is plain talk. The subscription has been under way six days—the banks even keep open on Sunday—just how it is going I do not know officially; satisfactorily, I am told. A very large part of the money raised will remain in Italy. The Italian Government has not delayed in taking steps

toward mobilizing the nation's industries, and today a royal decree establishes the fact. This part of the country—Lombardy and Piedmont—will be kept busy night and day manufacturing munitions from now on. The possibilities are great, for nowhere in the world can power be had so easily. The snows of the Alps will furnish it almost without limit. Add, then, Italy's ten months of systematic preparation and you will see readily that it is a fortunate thing for England, France and Russia that her fresh forces have been added to their resources.



The Kaiser is quoted in today's papers as having said the war will be over in October. The statement is received in Italy with a smile. Already they are talking of the coming winter campaign. The Kaiser's remark is taken no more seriously than the recent loudly advertised manifesto of the Haase group of German Socialists in favor of peace.

What impression that peace manifesto made in America I don't know. Here it was regarded simply as "another stupid German trick"—"a trial balloon permitted by the Kaiser." The brief suspension of the German Socialist paper *Vorwaerts* was characterized as a "love slap" from the War Lord.

Benito Mussolini, editor-in-chief of the *Popolo d'Italia*, is foremost among the Socialists who all

along favored intervention. Thirty-two years old, a native of Forli, in the region of Romagna (in which not so long ago a Republican revolution was threatened, but where now the Republicans are following the King to the battlefield as enthusiastically as any of their monarchical compatriots), he was educated in Switzerland and qualified to be a teacher in the public schools of his native country. A man of strong personality, clear of thought, deliberate of speech, to his friends and Socialist followers he is an idol; to his opponents he is either a "dreamer" or "a disturber of economic order."

Whatever be one's opinion of Mussolini, what he says carries weight with the proletariat of Italy, which in the majority is far from being as ignorant as some Americans have been disposed to think. The proletariat of Italy reads the newspapers and reads them extensively.

"Has daily newspaper circulation increased to any extent in Italy in the last decade?" I asked my friend, Signor Maratea, the Como editor.

"Increased!" he exclaimed. "Why, my dear sir, in ten years newspaper circulation in Italy has increased five or six hundred per cent!"

"What did it?" I inquired.

"The common people," was his reply. "The proletariat! You'll hardly find a workman who will begin his day's labor until he has read his favorite paper."

To me this speaks volumes. And it will help you to realize how little effect on the Italian working

man and Socialist the German peace manifesto can have when he reads from Mussolini such words as these :

“The Social Democrats tell us that, although assailed by preponderant forces, Germany, so far victorious over her enemies; Germany, invincible, should take the first step toward the restoration of peace. Very fine! But we would like to know if among the preponderant forces which were the aggressors against Germany were Belgium and Serbia, and if Germany to show her indignation at a blockade intended to famish her people should have torpedoed the *Lusitania*?

“Note with what Chauvinism they speak of a Germany invincible, which, in spite of this, offers peace graciously to its enemies whom it could, whenever it wished it, crush! If the people of the East and West shall continue to live *not* politically subjects of Germany invincible, let them thank the Socialists who forced Germany onto the path—never before trod by them—of pacifism.

“But, no! Peace with Germany invincible? Never! Because it would be a German peace which would leave things—after all the blood that has been spilt—just where they were before. This ‘invincibility’ which you German Socialists, beside yourselves with haughtiness, attribute still to Germany, has been the incubus of Europe for forty-three years. If this time the people of the West do not succeed in breaking its spell the obsession of a Germany invincible will continue to weigh upon the

humiliated and tortured consciousness of Europe as a perennial menace.

"The invincibility of Germany, indeed, would be the most tragic destiny that could possibly be conceived for the human race! More's the need, therefore, to demonstrate—even at the cost of rivers of blood—that Teutonic barbarity is not invincible. Therefore," adds Signor Mussolini, "to the treacherous, deceptive invocation of peace which descends from the north, let one unanimous cry reply: 'War to the very end! *Delenda Germania!*' "

This is the doctrine that is being preached to the Italian masses. The manifesto plainly miscarried. It wasn't "made by Krupp," but came from Germany's diplomacy factory. Strange that it should appear just about the time Dr. Dernberg got back to his Fatherland!



All doubts as to the attitude of Italian Catholics toward the war were set at rest last Sunday—certainly in Milan—by the eloquent and patriotic discourse of Cardinal-Archbishop Ferrari. Milan was invited to pray God to grant victory to the Italian arms at an afternoon service in the famous cathedral. The response was a great outpouring—not so great as I witnessed at Notre Dame in Paris just after the battle of the Marne, but it was a vast assembly just the same, for the cathedral is one of the largest in the world.

Yesterday at the town of Cuneo another "patri-

otic incident" occurred. It was the emergence of Giolitti, who had been keeping out of sight since his disastrous attempt to control the government in favor of neutrality. As president of the Cuneo Provincial Council he had to make a speech in favor of an appropriation for the families of the soldiers. He did the best he could in the circumstances, but to Italian ears just now it didn't ring very true. Giolitti is still a "dead one." His is Italy's Bill Bryan.

And while all these exhibitions of patriotic ardor are taking place Signor Giulio Gatti-Casazza is proceeding calmly and methodically with the organization of next winter's season at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. I went with him the other afternoon to an audition of ambitious young persons whose teachers think they are "ripe" for New York honors. I was going to tell you all about it, but there is enough sadness in this sad world already. Wherefore, silence is golden.



X.

A Flying Trip to Switzerland and Some Impressions It Left—Sharp Line Evident Between German-Swiss and French-and-Italian-Swiss—Actual Guarantee of Neutrality.

MILAN, FRIDAY, July 9, 1915.



MADE a peaceful invasion of Switzerland yesterday. I was anxious to discover if the spirit of William Tell was as alive across the frontier as is the spirit of Garibaldi on this side of the line. Well, I am back again in Italy with the conviction that the spirit of Gessler's fearless enemy is having some very uncomfortable hours at present in the World of Shadows and is finding more or less of a rival in the spirit of Frederick the Great.

This spirit conflict, so to speak, and the material disadvantages due to the war of nations by which she is encircled, make Switzerland today anything but a cheerful country. "The playground of Europe" is deserted by its pleasure-seekers. It made no appeal to me on this occasion, and I was glad to resume my "commuting" between Milan and Como.

Lugano was my point of destination in Switzerland. It has been figuring in the cable news to a considerable extent of late. I'm afraid that all the

“news” that is wired from Lugano is not carefully “verified,” but the “neutral” correspondent who has to make his headquarters there hears many conflicting stories, and he must not be too severely condemned if one day he makes a statement that next day he modifies or contradicts.

Bear in mind that Lugano is in the Canton of Ticino, the only Italian-Swiss canton or state, and its southern end terminating in the town of Chiasso (you’ve become familiar with that name, too, I’m sure) forms a sort of wedge into Italy just as does the Trentino district of Austria more to the east. When war was declared—Italy’s war—Lugano was the point for which the fugitive Germans and Austrians in Italy chiefly headed. The city was filled to overflowing with them, and although the vast majority of them have sought other refuges in Switzerland nearer the German and Austrian frontiers or in their native lands, thousands are still lingering in this popular lake city of hotels and villas.



For a while it was a rather simple matter to cross the frontier at Chiasso and get into neutral territory. The Italian Government, however, has of late adopted stricter measures, so that when I reached Chiasso by electric car from Como I had to furnish full and convincing proof as to my identity and good faith, after which I was courteously permitted to pass the barrier. Some others, I noticed, were

taken into a little room, where I understood they were thoroughly searched before being allowed to depart, and a few of them were held for additional investigation, for they didn't catch the train which was about to start for Lugano a half hour later. One man, a Swiss, had fifteen hundred francs in silver and paper and some gold. The Italian authorities thought it their duty to retain his funds for reasons best known to themselves. I was told he will get it back "when certain matters are made clearer."

Passing the Italian barrier you cross a sort of no-man's-land of about twenty yards, and then you pass another barrier guarded by Swiss soldiers, solemn-looking young fellows with funny old-fashioned, toy-soldier hats. Asking the way to the station, I had a reply in English from a corporal. He had been a waiter in New York and seemed glad to see and talk with an American. He had been in service for ten months and was getting very tired of it.

"When the war is over," he remarked, "me for New York! I've had enough of Europe!"

And he said it as though he meant it.

Lugano I found wearing a somewhat deserted air—in spite of the number of German refugees, which I was told still are there, it looked anything but prosperous. Villa after villa was closed and the hotels remaining open bespoke the absence of the floods of American, French, English and Russians who usually insure their prosperity.

I had hoped to meet one of the most representative Italian-Swiss, Emilio Bossi, editor of a Radical paper which has more than once been "reproved" for its references to the violation of Belgium's neutrality—a topic the discussion of which is rather discountenanced by the Swiss Governmental authorities—and a member of the Federal Parliament who insists upon his constitutional right to address the House in the Italian language. Signor Bossi was out of town, but I had the luck to find one of his intimate friends, a member of the Lugano City Council, with whom I passed a very pleasant afternoon and from whom I got a very illuminating expression of opinion as to conditions generally in Switzerland.

"Have the Swiss really any fear that the republic's neutrality may be violated?" I asked during our conversation.

"Candidly speaking, I will say that we have had some moments of apprehension," was the answer. "There exist some intense Germanophiles in Switzerland who might not object to it if they did not fear its ultimate consequence, but few of us believe that Germany will attempt it. Every sensible Swiss, no matter what his sympathies may be, must realize one thing: The moment Germany makes a move toward the violation of our neutrality the French will be justified in entering French Switzerland and the Italians, Italian Switzerland. And, my dear sir, what would that mean? It would mean the end of the Swiss Confederation; and I'm glad

to feel that I can say that I don't believe any Swiss outside of a madhouse could entertain so unpatriotic a wish."

"This talk about the Pope having been invited to Switzerland—what about that?" I inquired.

"Well," my Lugano friend said, "I'm a good Catholic and I know it has been seriously discussed in some clerical circles, but to me it is sheer nonsense. All that talk was started by Erzberger and his crowd to try to influence us Catholics who don't sympathize with Germany, but it has failed completely. The matter of appointing a minister to the Vatican has been discussed. There might be some reason in that because, should the Pope finally act as peacemaker, we want to have our national interests safeguarded. It is the hope of most Swiss, however, that our government may be the final intermediary and that the Peace Conference that follows the War of Nations may meet on Swiss soil.

"Meanwhile we are feeling the pressure of hard times. The cost of living is steadily increasing, and we are about to issue a national loan of a billion francs at four and a half per cent. Conditions encourage contraband trade, and as Germany is naturally our best customer, we have many 'business men' whose German sympathies are based on 'business' reasons. However, please tell your American friends that we are trying hard to be 'neutral.' "

The train on which I had expected to return to Como in the evening had been taken off. It was after midnight when I reached Chiasso, where I found the train stopped. It was raining heavily. Chiasso was pitch dark, and I knew there were no more electric cars to be had. Finding my way to the frontier, the Swiss soldiers let me pass unnoticed. At the Italian barrier I met a corporal and two of King Vittorio Emanuele's soldiers, and was wondering what chance I had of getting by them when one of the privates exclaimed cheerily:

"Ecco il nostro Americano! You're getting back pretty late from Lugano! What's the matter?"

I explained to their amusement, adding: "But how the devil am I going to get to Como?"

"Don't worry," replied the corporal, whose name was Sbezzi and who certainly was an Italian gentleman, "I'll find you a carrozza."

It took him nearly a half hour, but he did it. And as I climbed into a two-wheeled wagon behind a sturdy little Sardinian horse he shook me cordially by the hand, hoped I wouldn't get cold and wished me safe home. And what a jolly good ride it was! The driver was a jovial chap and did his best to entertain me in a dialect that I couldn't much comprehend, except that he would interrupt his yarns every now and then to exclaim in real Italian:

"Fine horse! Goes just as fast up hill as down! Cost two thousand lire! Better than automobile!"

The ride was cheap at two dollars. Besides, I was back again in Como—in a country that is not

"neutral" and where people are not afraid to express their feelings, for they are all of one mind.



Italy had just had her first shock since "her" war began. The sinking of the cruiser Amalfi by an Austrian torpedo was no small matter. The morning after the announcement was printed in the newspapers in black-face type. There was no attempt to minimize the disaster. "Fortunately," it was announced, "the great majority of the equipment were saved." I was amazed by the calmness displayed by all the Italians with whom I talked both in Milan and Como and on the train.

"I hope you will write to America about what you have observed on the occasion of this loss to our navy," said Count Archinti at dinner time. "It is another evidence of the determination of our people to let nothing disturb our minds. We went into this war fully realizing what it meant and we shall follow it unflinchingly to the end.

"This morning I went to a little village back of my home at Cavallasca to attend the funeral of a young peasant who lost his life at the front. Villagers and peasants from all the country around were gathered for the ceremonies. The old father and mother, the sweetheart and the older brother were the chief mourners. It was a moving sight. At the grave the priest made a patriotic address, followed by another in like spirit from a civilian friend of the dead boy. But there was no loud

lamentation, no emotional outbursts. Hardly a tear could be seen except in the eyes of the little sweetheart. Those simple peasants all knew that this is 'our' war, 'their' war, and they felt they were making a holy sacrifice as they laid this boy at rest on the hillside overlooking their lovely valley."

While the Count was relating this incident the evening paper arrived. It contained a brief telegram from Holland saying Germany's reply to President Wilson was on its way and intimated that the German counter-propositions were not likely to be satisfactory to the American Government.

"What does that mean?" asked the Count.

"I don't know," I replied. "All I can say is every true American will stand by President Wilson."



XI.

"A Grand Old Man"—Don Giuseppe Bernasconi, the Garibaldian Priest About to Celebrate His Ninetieth Birthday—How He Helped the "Liberator" Win a Battle Without Knowing It—His Narrow Escape from Excommunication.

COMO, TUESDAY, July 13, 1915.



HIS afternoon I spent an hour with one of the most interesting men in Italy. No, it wasn't the King, nor General Cadorna, nor Prime Minister Salandra. Nor was it the Pope—Brother Latapie locked the Vatican door on his fellow-newspaper men and threw away the key.

But if it was neither King nor Pope it was nevertheless a grand old man who in his long lifetime had done his share to establish the House of Savoy on the throne of a united Italy and inspire those to whom he has ministered for more than three score years and ten with a love of the religion of which the Pope is chief representative.

Don Giuseppe Bernasconi is his name—Don Giuseppe, the Prete Garibaldino—the Garibaldian priest who next Monday week, July 26, will be ninety years old.

"A doddering old dotard," you say to yourself.

Anything but that is Don Giuseppe, whose brain

is as astir as that of a man twenty years his junior; whose heart is as warm as when he said his first Mass away back in that year so memorable in Europe, 1848, and whose patriotism is as ardent as when he shed his ecclesiastic soutane in 1859 to don the uniform of a Cacciatore delle Alpi and follow Garibaldi in his campaign against the Austrians.

Thanks to my colleague, Editor Francesco Maratea, I discovered Don Giuseppe. Signor Maratea yesterday morning printed an entertaining interview with the venerable warrior priest in the *Provincia* and advised me to make his acquaintance.

Happening to mention to my favorite tobacco dealer, Signor Leo Piatti, that I was going in search of Don Giuseppe, he immediately became interested. "I've known him since childhood, said he. "Let me go with you. I'm sure you are the first American that I've ever heard of going to Civiglio and I'd like to present you to Don Giuseppe."

I was only too glad to have his company, and, turning over his shop to his wife, off he started with me to take the funicular railroad, which landed us on the top of Mount Brunate, which was our real point of departure.



It was a delightful three-mile walk along that winding mountain road, where at every turn a new and if possible more beautiful panorama disclosed

itself. A summer shower had passed and the air was fresh and sweet with the odor of wild flowers and newly mown grass.

Scores of children were leaving the public school as we reached the hamlet of Civiglio, with its narrow, tortuous streets and houses that might have existed before the Renaissance. Bright little kids of both sexes were they all, and a hasty examination of their school books convinced me that they are quite abreast of the times in the matter of elementary education in rural Italy.

All knew Don Giuseppe, and we soon reached his house—a solid square two-story building. Entering a most attractive garden, in which one observed both an artistic and practical arrangement of flowers, fruits and vegetables, with two or three bowers shaded with vines, we were greeted at the door by the good padre's housekeeper and her assistant. Signor Piatti's introduction insured my acceptance as a friend, and I immediately found myself in a large living room with an alcoved fireplace—a real old-fashioned chimney corner—on the side.

"Well, well," came a soft, musical baritone voice from the alcove. "An Americano!"

Turning, I saw in the shadow the face of an apostle—that is, if you can picture an apostle with a Gladstonian forehead crowned with silver white hair, a Wellingtonian nose, a Napoleonic chin, a mouth large, but well shaped and firm in line, and two gray-blue eyes that could flash with righteous

indignation, twinkle with humor or melt with human sympathy.

Don Giuseppe had been reclining on a couch, a little table filled with books and newspapers at his elbow. As he rose to greet me I saw he used crutches and that his right leg from the knee down had been replaced with a wooden member. He was of medium height, but powerful frame, and I could realize that truly as report had said he must have been "a mighty hunter" in his day.

"Yes, Don Giuseppe, I am an Americano, and it may please you to know that I have seen the house in which your soldier leader, Garibaldi, dwelt when he took refuge in our land of liberty from his European enemies. It is a sacred spot to us Americans, who cherish the memory of Garibaldi because of what he represented."

Don Giuseppe took me by both hands. "Thank you, my son!" he exclaimed; "it does my old heart good to hear you tell me these things at this terrible but glorious moment when our army is doing the work which will form the last chapter of the history of Italy's unification."

A cup of wine was offered me. "And yours?" I inquired of the veteran.

"I never take either wine or water except at my meals, and then it is only a spoonful of wine in a goblet of water. Simple living has much to do with my health. As you see from my long pipe, I smoke, but do so moderately. But I have lived as much as possible an open air life, and my passion was for

hunting in my earlier years; in fact, until fifteen years ago, when this leg had to be amputated because of blood poisoning. I've got used to the bit of wood, however, even if it does hamper my activity. I have a relative who would like very much to use the piece of wood that serves as leg to mark my final resting place," added Don Giuseppe with a chuckle.

"Tut! tut! father!" I exclaimed. "Impossible!"

"Not a bit of it!" he replied merrily. "He has to pay me a legacy left by a brother as long as I live. After that he gets it all. Just think what an annoyance I must be—an old fellow who persists in living on and on and wouldn't have the decency to die under an operation such as mine when he was seventy-five years of age."



Don Giuseppe chuckled again—not maliciously, but so very humanely. Life is just as sweet to him as to his younger relative.

"And how did you come to join Garibaldi?" I asked.

"Why, in 1859 I was a young, robust assistant priest at the village of Lenno, near Tremezzo, just up the lake. Everywhere was talk of Garibaldi. The village boys were swearing that if war broke loose they would volunteer. Vigorous and good shot as I was, I felt ashamed that I could not make the same resolution.

"To enlist would mean excommunication for me.

Some days went by, however, and I felt I could stand it no longer, and I swore I would go, too. Presently a band of volunteers gathered at Como, but—would you believe it?—not one of my companions of Lenno were there? I alone represented the village.

“The Vicar-General was perplexed when I told him I was going with Garibaldi, but when I told him I had pledged my word he simply said:

“‘My son, look well to what you do, and may God bless you!’

“The good man himself also blessed me, and I don’t think he was so very much displeased.”

“And Garibaldi—how did you find him?”

“After chasing after him to Milan, to Genoa, to Turin and back to Como,” replied Don Giuseppe, “I finally reached his Cacciatori delle Alpi near Tirano and got my first glimpse of the great leader. His appearance is as vivid to me today as it was fifty-six years ago. He looked like some pictures of the Master that I have seen, with his short light-brown beard, majestic though simple air and eyes that looked you through and through.

“He barely noticed me. To Dr. Bertini of the ambulance corps I offered myself as volunteer for assistance to the wounded. Seeing me in my priest’s gown and knowing Garibaldi’s anti-clerical feeling, he hesitated.

“‘In this dress?’ said the doctor.

“‘It’s all I have,’ I replied. ‘If it displeases you give me another.’”

"Forthwith I was given the uniform of a sergeant of Cacciatori, and for some time took charge of the organization of ambulances. But I was not always so occupied, and one day, hearing there was fighting close at hand, and knowing every inch of that country, having hunted over it many a time, I took a carbine and started to join in the fray.

"Crossing a wood I discovered that the Austrians were occupying a strong position on the edge exchanging fusillades with the Garibaldini, who were on the road beyond. Without realizing my peril I dropped into a hollow and fired ten or twelve shots at the rear of the enemy. The latter were suddenly panic stricken; they thought they had been outflanked. I had performed an impossible bit of strategy. The enemy were demoralized, and those who were not killed were either captured or driven into a new position."

One of the precious souvenirs of the campaign of 1859 preserved in Don Giuseppe's veritable Museum of Souvenirs is the medal bearing the bust of Napoleon III., one of which was given by the French Emperor to every Italian soldier, while in exchange Vittorio Emanuele II. gave a similar medal with his image to each French soldier.

"But how about resuming your priestly functions?" I asked Don Giuseppe.

"Why, when the campaign was over I presented myself to my Vicar-General and told him I was ready to return to my parish at Lenno and begged him to revoke my suspension.

“‘My son,’ said he, ‘the fact is that I’ve never suspended you. Go back to Lenno and don’t worry.’”



Back went Don Giuseppe to the discomfort of the boasters who had talked so boldly but didn’t act. Six years later, while he was superintending the reparation of an old church, a shooting tournament took place at Como under the direction of Garibaldi’s famous Lieutenant, Nino Bixio.

Don Giuseppe couldn’t resist his instinct. Down to the public square he came. Immediately he was besought to try his skill. And he did, with the result that he won two prizes! Next day his brother clergy were scandalized when Bixio handed him as one of the prizes a painting of a pretty young girl sentimentally contemplating an engagement ring on her finger, the memory of which incident brought another merry twinkle to his eyes.

Next year was 1866 and again Garibaldi donned his red shirt. He sent word to Don Giuseppe that he wanted him with him. “If you don’t volunteer I’ll order your enrollment,” said he. “What’s the use of winning prizes at tournaments if you don’t make serious use of your marksmanship?”

So there was another visit to the Vicar-General and again Don Giuseppe told his superior of his decision. The Vicar-General saw there was no use in trying to dissuade him and off Don Giuseppe went, joining the Lombardy Bersaglieri, with

whom he fought all through that campaign. When it was over he found a new Vicar-General at Como—his old friend was dead—one who was less indulgent and regarded his case as a very serious one.

“You’ve been fighting?” said the Vicar-General.

Don Giuseppe admitted the fact.

“And you fired a gun?”

“Many times,” he replied. “How can you fight without shooting?”

“Did you kill anybody?” pursued the Vicar-General.

Don Giuseppe frankly confessed that such had been his intention and that he always aimed to kill.

It looked very bad for the clerical Garibaldino. The Vicar-General was silent awhile. Then he remarked solemnly that excommunication must follow the shedding of Christian blood; consequently Don Giuseppe must be forbidden to say mass.

But Don Giuseppe’s wit was keen. “Then,” said he, “what do you think my old parishioners will say when they hear what you have done to me?”

“What?” asked the Vicar-General.

“That Don Giuseppe has been excommunicated because he ran to his country’s defense.”

“My words,” said the priest in recounting the incident, “had their effect. Within a week I was officiating at the altar.”

Don Giuseppe had by this time led me into his library-museum. “You see,” said he, “how much your country interests me,” and he called my at-

tention to a set of volumes on the back of which was the title (in Italian), "History of the American Revolution, by Carlo Botta." "A fine work by one of our best writers on history of the last century," he added. Then the old priest proceeded to recall some of his many exploits as a marksman.

"Those trophies there," pointing to a score of silver cups and bronze ornaments, "those trophies tell the story. That one I won in an international tournament in Switzerland as the best Italian 'shot.' That other was presented to me by our present King's grandfather at a great tournament in Florence—the first prize—200 metres, at a target of 30 centimetres. The cup was valued at 1,500 francs.

"The King smiled at my clerical gown as he shook me by the hand and congratulated me. In my embarrassment I addressed him as 'Sir' instead of 'your Majesty,' to the disgust of the official who presented me."

From this fragmentary account of our talk I think you will get some idea of this saintly patriot, whom every one knows only to love, and who, as a friend expressed it in a dedicatory offering, could "clasp in one embrace the Carbine which redeemed his Country and the Cross which redeemed Humanity."

XII.

Rome Calm and Confident Speeds New Rrecruits to the Front and Tenderly Receives the Returning Wounded—Streets Crowded and General Business Apparently Going on as Usual—Hotels Feel Absence of Patrons—D'Annunzio's Departure—Around the Homes of the Humble.

ROME, SUNDAY, July 18, 1915.



ALMLY as perhaps never before in a war in which her vital interests were involved, today sits Rome upon her seven hills. On this mid-July Sunday the "Brain of Italy"—for such is Rome, as Milan is her Spinal Column, Florence her Sense of Beauty, Venice her Fantastic Dreams, Bologna her Culture, Genoa her Worldly Wisdom and Naples her Radiant Smile—the "Brain of Italy" is clear as Rome's noonday skies and cool as her midnight breezes.

Passed the fever of eight weeks ago, when the Populus Romanus, with a unanimity that even Rienzi never knew, burst into the Chamber of Deputies, opposite the hotel where I write these lines; when Salandra offered his resignation; when a provisional government was ready to proclaim the Republic of Italy, and the crisis was averted and the dynasty of Savoy saved only by the action of

Vittorio Emanuele III. refusing the resignation and signing the decree of war. Passed those days, unsurpassed, it seems to me, in dramatic aspect in modern history. Today Rome's pulse is both steady and strong—the envy, doubtless, of every other nation in the European abattoir.

Four days ago I arrived here from Milan. It would never do to leave Italy without having a glimpse of Rome in these historic moments. Breaking the journey for two hours at sleepy old Pisa (out of whose eighty thousand inhabitants nearly twenty thousand have gone to the colors) to get a peep at Cimabue's wonderful mosaic of Christ in the venerable Cathedral, to learn if the Campanile had lost its balance yet and to see the dozens of varicolored time-stained flags captured from the Turks at the battle of Lepanto, that hang in old San Stefano's Church, to which the Italians hope to add some modern specimens before the year is out, I reached Rome just at sundown.

Out from the station, onto the Piazza di Termini, I found the parklets crowded with children, big and little, mothers, sisters and nurses and a goodly sprinkling of soldiers, but not nearly so many as I would have seen in a northern city. Down the Via Nazionale my cabman takes me. The street is full of movement, for these are the hours when Rome is wide awake. We must drive slowly. Shops all open still; sidewalks crowded with well-dressed men of all ages. Any number of smart-looking

women and young girls in white reminding one of the girls you see in Baltimore or Richmond on a summer afternoon. We turn and go through the tunnel under the Quirinal and the royal palace to the Via Tritone.

More crowds on the sidewalks! More carriages, autos and cabs in the streets! Then across the Corso, along which a glance up and down reveals still the same movement of humanity. Across the Piazza Colonna and around the familiar restaurant (closed for the summer, as usual) to the Abergio Milano! If you know Rome I'm sure, in your imagination, you have accompanied me and can see just what I have seen.



"I thought there was a war going on and that Italy had something to do with it," I remarked to the hotel director, Signor Simonetti.

You can joke with a Milanese or a Venetian or a Neapolitan, but you have to know your Roman before trying to be funny with him. Signor Simonetti was quite serious; in fact, his tone was a bit melancholy, when he replied:

"Oh, yes; you may not see any surface change in Rome from the summer two years ago when you were here, but we hotel men know better. Our business has almost gone to pieces. We live off the strangers and now they are few and far between."

"But business in general?" I asked.

“Well, to tell the truth,” was the almost reluctant answer, “it isn’t so bad. We were ten months expecting the war, and when it did come business men were ready for it, just as the army and navy were; and that’s all there is to it. The great pity is that Americans seem to have been afraid to come to Italy. If they only could have known how satisfactory conditions are they might have flocked to us and as visitors had nearly all the hotels to themselves.”

Hotel arrangements adjusted, after a good dinner at Old Checco’s inimitable Concordia restaurant in the Via della Croce (some of you certainly know Old Checco, who for over forty years has been providing good things to eat for his fellow Romans and the lucky foreigners who have been introduced to his kitchen—a Roman of Romans, who knew old Pio Nono personally and who, although an ardent patriot, still lingers lovingly over memories of the days before 1870 when the Pope was King as well as priest), I strolled back to the Corso and sought a sitting place at the Cafe Aragno—the Cafe de la Paix of Rome.

It was after ten o’clock. The cafe within was crowded. The sidewalk outside—even part of the street—was covered with tables, every one occupied. Ninety-five per cent. of those who were eating ice cream or sipping siphoned syrups were men, of whom perhaps only twenty per cent. wore military uniforms. It was a dignified Roman gayety

that pervaded the gathering; also a friendly but not too familiar spirit of good fellowship. But the outward appearance was exactly such as it was two and six years previous. The talk, however, as far as I could judge, was all war talk. (I thought of Times Square and its amateur strategists!) There it was that I learned from a friend, whom I chanced to meet at the cafe, that I had arrived just about twelve hours too late to have seen Rome experience its first keen consciousness that the nation is really at war.

In the morning two Roman regiments had left for the front and Rome had given vent to its enthusiasm. All the way along the Corso and up the Via Nazionale to the station flowers were flung from window after window. Nice young girls from the throngs on the streets pinned tri-color bowknots on the passing soldiers. One young woman from Trieste handed a Trieste standard to a captain, who took it with a bow and smile and waved it in the air, while the great cheer which it provoked rolled down the Via Nazionale for blocks and blocks and the band struck up the Garibaldi March. As the train pulled out, I'm told, the soldiers at the windows suddenly removed their coats, showing themselves in red Garibaldi shirts. Can't you imagine what a dramatic effect it must have had? I'm sorry I missed it.

Now for the other side of the medal. An hour later another long train pulled in, but it was laden with the wounded. It was with other emotions that the throng gathered at the station witnessed the sight. These wounded heroes were the first to be brought to Rome. As the serious cases are all treated near the front, those who came on this train were in a fair way to recovery. Everything was ready for them—Red Cross ambulances by the score, hospital attendants by the hundred. Even some of the street cars had been equipped as ambulances.

The Queen Mother and Queen Elena were both on hand to greet the soldiers personally. With them was little Prince Umberto, wearing the uniform of a Giovane Esploratore—Boy Scout. He spoke to every wounded soldier he could reach. Two of them specially took his fancy and he made them get into his automobile. Learning where they had been fighting, he asked:

“Did you see papa?”

When they told him that they had he wanted to know all they could tell him as to how he looked and what the soldiers said about him. To the latter question one replied:

“His Majesty is too brave. He takes too many chances. They say he would have been killed the other day if he had not left a battery with whose lieutenant he had been talking a short time before

the Austrians found its range and killed the lieutenant."

"Well," replied the little Prince (so the story goes), "he wouldn't be my papa if he were not brave."

And I think the Prince, if he said it, told the truth. The blood of the House of Savoy abounds in red corpuscles.



There was another incident—shall I call it "event"?—on the day of my arrival of which I should speak to make the record complete. It was the long-awaited departure of Gabriele D'Annunzio "for the front." For several weeks the poet had been in Rome getting ready to "go to the front." However, when a poet like D'Annunzio is "going to the front" it requires time to make the necessary preparations. His commission as Lieutenant of the Novara Lancers was signed some time ago, but a commission can be secured so much sooner than a wardrobe and Roman tailors are so very, very slow. Then, too, the Russian helmet that the Novaras wear—you know the sort of a Russian helmet that a poet-warrior should don—can't be had in every ordinary helmet shop even in Rome.

Time, however, brings everything, and Thursday morning D'Annunzio's last bit of military equipment was on hand. Of course it was to be a profound secret just what hour the poet was to leave

his hotel. You have heard how he hates all this nasty, vulgar newspaper talk.

But you can't trust these ardent disciples; and how help it if all Rome becomes informed? And why object, you minor poets who can't get commissions in the Novara Lancers, if, as D'Annunzio mounts an elegant automobile "to go the front" and spill some of his precious blood for his Patria (or get "copy" for his high-priced war correspondence) a throng of "the faithful" assembled to do him homage and speed him off to help redeem Trieste and add a warrior's to his poet's laurels?

That was three days ago. Would you believe it, D'Annunzio is still "going to the front!" But he is going by very easy stages. "Chi va piano, va sano," says the Italian proverb ("Who goes slowly goes safely.") "Wise guy" is D'Annunzio. Last heard of he was in Siena. The cynics at the Cafe Aragno are making up a "pool" on the number of days it will require for him finally to reach headquarters.

I think we can all agree that Lieutenant D'Annunzio of the Novara Lancers is a man of rare artistic genius. At all events, it is so admitted in Italy. But outside of a few blind worshippers in his native land I find that this spectacular return to Italy (after four years' absence), and theatric exhibitions of himself, are regarded by his fellow countrymen as a great big joke. The nation refuses to accept him as its Tyrtæus.

Curious coincidence! Only the day after the

poet's departure the Criminal Court here condemned to seventeen months' imprisonment the extraordinary French adventurer who for days and days posed as Andre, the famous aviator, living off the fat of the land, feted by the military and other officials, flattered by the women of the best society of Rome and running up all sorts of bills right and left. Great times, these, in Italy for pseudo-heroes! At times one is amazed at the innocent receptivity of the Italian nature—a nature which, on the other hand, can manifest itself in a diplomacy to which the rest of the world must take off its hat.



"Take me to the district where the poor people live," I said to my cabman after having had a big dish of gnocchi romano and a little mug of Frascati (No; the war hasn't robbed the Frascati of its virtue, Brother Huneker, and I match it any day against your vaunted Pilsener!) at the quaint little Giardino Restaurant in the Street of the Dark Shops—Via delle Botteghe Oscure.

"It's Trastevere—across the river—you want to see," the old fellow replied.

"Trastevere be it!" and off we went around by the solemn Castello San Angelo, crowned with that figure with unsheathed sword—appropriate enough these days!—past the new Court House, along the embankment, over Ponte Sisto and then straight into the heart of homes of the toiling masses,

Oh, very old Rome is this, with its narrow, crooked streets and ancient buildings. It was about three o'clock and I found that those who could were enjoying their siestas just as their richer brethren in other quarters were enjoying theirs. But instead of a comfortable couch in a shaded chamber the portals of old doorways, or even the sidewalk, were sufficient luxury for them.

Back over the Ponte Palatina to the old Ghetto section. More friends of my cabman. Same results of inquiries; nobody going hungry; nobody worried or doubtful about the war; everyone quite conscious of the object of Italy's intervention—to "redeem" Trent and Trieste, and, as they put it, "to keep Germany from becoming the *Padrone del Mondo*." It was a profitable afternoon, taking it all in all, even if the cabby did drink seven bottles, not of the good wine of his country, but of an awful liquid which here they call—beer!



I saw Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page this morning. It was the first time since I tried to get him an automobile to take him from Paris to the Italian frontier at the outbreak of the war last August. He didn't need the motor car after all, for he succeeded in getting on a military train and having an experience that may be useful when he writes his next novel. The Ambassador seems to be standing the strain of his work very well, and,

from what I can learn, has made himself very popular in Roman society. The diplomatic secrets he told me during my visit I shall keep to myself.

An interesting surprise came when I was crossing the Piazza Colonna about seven o'clock. Seated at a table outside the little corner cafe was a very pretty woman with a rather good-looking man. The faces seemed familiar. A closer approach revealed them as Lina Cavalieri and her husband, Lucien Muratore, the well-known French tenor. I thought neither of them ever looked better, although Cavalieri had been doing volunteer nursing in Marseilles and Muratore had been in the French army since the war began until an attack of pneumonia unfitted him for further service. He has a long furlough and his wife brought him here to see the city in which she was born and in which her rare beauty first blossomed.



This morning found me in the world's great Temple of the Prince of Peace, St. Peter's Cathedral. The worshippers were very few. St. Peter's never before looked so empty, due to the fact that Rome is almost destitute of strangers. And it never looked so unchurchlike. Much more impressive to my mind was the atmosphere of the Jesuit church—the Gesu—which I visited next, again to find but a handful of the faithful attending service.

Evidently Rome and Italy are not experiencing

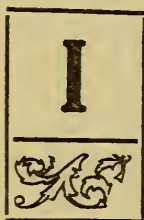
that same spiritual awakening that came to Paris and France eleven months ago. But France had felt the iron in her soul!



XIII.

*Salvator Barzilai, the Noted Republican Leader,
Accepts a Place in the Cabinet—Another Evi-
dence of the Unity of the Nation—From Dra-
matic Critic to Government Minister—Feted
By His Constituents.*

ROME, MONDAY, July 19, 1915.



IT is not often that a man begins his career as a dramatic critic on a daily newspaper and reaches the distinction of becoming a Cabinet officer. But "it can be done!"

Salvatore Barzilai, the eminent Italian Republican, has done it. Saturday his commission was signed by the King, who, in the evening, greeted him at General Headquarters, thanking him for consenting to break the rule he had formed for himself under a monarchical regime and accepted this official honor in an hour when party politics should be forgotten.

Barzilai, for the moment, is the most conspicuous man in Italy. True, there are some Republicans, who, though heart and soul for the prosecution of the war, still maintain that he should have refused office, while a small band of Socialists also persist in being dissatisfied with everybody and everything—a small band, however, that seems daily to be

diminishing in numbers. The nation at large, however, emphatically indorses the nomination and the newspapers are ringing with praises of their brother journalist and of the wisdom of the government in selecting him as an associate.

It may not have been because Premier Salandra had his doubts about dramatic critics in particular or writing journalists in general—for Premier Salandra is only a college professor himself—that counseled him to have Barzilai made a Minister “without a portfolio”—that is to say, without a department to manage. For if dramatic critics in newspapers can manage “dramatic departments,” surely they might help run a “war department.” In fact, I know several New York critics whose training and experience ought to qualify them for the latter job. Ask any Broadway theatrical manager!

But New York is a long way from Rome, and it is about Rome I’m supposed to be writing.

It was good politics, let me tell you, and good statesmanship to add Signor Barzilai to the Cabinet; for Republican though he be in principle, his acceptance has once more demonstrated the complete fusion of parties in Italy into one great national party with one object in view—victory.



The new Minister returned to Rome yesterday and early last evening his old constituents of the

working class district of Trastevere got up a big parade and demonstration in his honor which I found it most interesting to have witnessed. It took me back to my old political reporting days in Maryland in Arthur Gorman's days. Several thousand persons took part in the affair. The procession, gay with the many colored banners of Italy, Rome, Trastevere, Trent and Trieste, marched over the Tiber, passed the big white marble monument to Vittorio Emanuele II. and through the Piazza Venezia so as to have an opportunity to hoot at the deserted residence of the Austrian Ambassador, then out to Signor Barzilai's tidy villa, in that very modern residence part of Rome known as the Prati dei Castelli, just beyond the Vatican inclosure. It was just a bit naive—just what might have happened at Chestertown, Maryland.

Managing to pass the gate to Signor Barzilai's little garden, thanks to a certain Signor Nazzereno, I succeeded in meeting him for a few minutes, surrounded by dozens of his personal and political friends. A tall, solidly built man of fifty-five, with expressive, kindly eyes, high forehead, carefully trimmed mustache, which, like his hair, was turning gray, he greeted me with a kindly—may I say paternal?—manner, shaking my hand in good American fashion. He seemed to me a bit fatigued, but his tactfulness concealed it from most of those men surrounding him to offer their congratulations,

One of the latter deserves more than a passing word. He was a slender little man with a neatly trimmed gray beard that made him an image of the pictures of Mazzini one sees so much these days. This, together with the other fact that his breast was covered with old medals, led me to him. I told him my impression.

"Mazzini!" he exclaimed, in perfect, English "why, I knew him intimately in London when I was a professor of languages, Professor Volprugnano. I'm eighty-eight years of age and fought with Garibaldi in 1848 at Cornudo, right in the present war district. I was with him when he entered Naples, but I quit after Gaeta, for I was a volunteer and didn't want to be enrolled in the regular army.

"Although a Roman, of course I couldn't come back home until the Italian army entered in 1870. Since then I've been here, and if my old legs were not so confoundedly shaky I would volunteer again. As for my friend Mazzini, he was just a bit too ideal. He should have accepted the situation at the time and for the sake of the greater Italy done what Barzilai, who is just as sincere a Republican in principle, has done. Our liberties are quite safe with our present young King. He truly represents the national spirit."

The procession had arrived. The street was packed with people shouting and cheering, while the band, as usual, played the Garibaldi March. It was time for Barzilai to show himself on the balcony, and I had to leave the old professor. When the new Minister did appear there was a great outburst of Latin enthusiasm. A committee chairman made a brief cordial address of congratulation.

Then came Barzilai's turn. He is said to be one of the finest orators in the Chamber of Deputies. I can well believe it. He has all the qualifications. His presence is calmly commanding. His voice is resonantly mellow. He speaks with a fine sense of rhythm and looks his audience straight in the face. As for his gestures, they are simple, forceful, graceful. His hands are well shapen and he knows just what to do with them. Every word was distinct, and when it was propelled by emotion it shot from his mouth like a projectile from a "75."

Short and to the point was the speech, but the end of every sentence justified a cheer—especially one in which he declared that "the parties in Italy without abdication or humiliation have returned to their common origin to be united in one faith, one purpose, one soul." And also when he concluded in great earnestness with the statement that "Italy never will accept either a peace or a truce with her traditional enemy or with any others who openly or disguisedly aid her with threats or snares until with Trent may be restored her natural bul-

wark of the Alps, with Trieste her liberty of action in the Adriatic, and these redemptions of Italian territory affirmed shall see the restoration in Europe of the rule of liberty and international justice, instead of Teutonic greed and arrogance."



It is not alone because he has been a Republican leader, however, that this interesting man has been added to the Italian Cabinet. This point I want to emphasize. Equally important is the fact that he is a native of Trieste, where he was convicted and sent to jail by the Austrian Government while still in his 'teens because he was involved in an Italian Nationalist movement. When he was released he left Trieste and studied at the two old universities of Padua and Bologna. After graduation in law he sought activity in journalism in Rome, beginning, as I said, as a dramatic critic on the *Tribuna* and subsequently winning a reputation as a specialist on foreign affairs.

All this time, however, Barzilai's heart has been with Trieste. The dream of his life has been its "redemption," as the Italians express it. So that when twenty-five years ago some one suggested that Trieste, when Austria was putting the screws on every pro-Italian movement, ought to be represented in the Italian Parliament, it was decided by a propagandist committee to launch a candidate in some Parliamentary district in Rome simply on the platform: "Trieste must be redeemed."

The Trastevere, or working class district—say the Avenue A or Tenth avenue district of Rome—became vacant through the resignation of Ricciotti Garibaldi, and here the fight was to be made. As to a candidate, several names were mentioned, among them young Barzilai's, which seemed most in favor.

"But nobody knows him!" was objected.

"All the better," was the retort. "This is a fight for a 'cause'; the less known the candidate the better for the 'cause' if he wins."

The public in general and voters in particular, however, soon found out the qualities of the young Trieste candidate; but Crispi, then in power, wanted no trouble with Austria—he was always for the Triplice—and he put up Count Antonelli against Barzilai. The Count won by a small majority. However, the contest gave the young Triestino great fame, and when a few months later the general election was held Barzilai beat his opponent, Prince Odescalchi, "hands down." He has been in the Chamber of Deputies ever since, meanwhile still keeping up his journalistic work and for fourteen years occupying a post which Italian newspaper men tell me is an honor quite as distinguished as that of Cabinet officer in ordinary times—that of President of the National Press Association.

Such is, in brief, the story of Italy's man of the hour. Barzilai has his opportunity. As a Tries-tino—as a constant “Irredentist”—upon him will devolve in large part the reorganization of the civil life in that district in the event of its being added to Italy. He better than anyone else knows the people and their needs, and his nomination to the Ministry is another guarantee of the determination of the government to fight the fight out to the bitter end.

Not the least interesting fact about Signor Salvatore Barzilai is the fact that he is of Jewish parentage, like Luzzatti, Nathan and Sonnino, the present Minister of Foreign Affairs. He is also a Free Mason, which usually seems to be something quite shocking to the Italian Conservatives, but in these hours has lost its terrors for the Clericals quite as much as has the shadow of the “Temporal Power” for the Radicals. Such questions are regarded as secondary when the future of the Patria is involved.

Incidentally Minister Barzilai's chief of staff has the good American name (as I told him) of Levi. He is a handsome chap and looks just like Dr. Baruch, of New York—ten years ago.



Barzilai naturally suggests the press—the Italian press. Rome swarms with newspaper correspondents. I don't speak of the representatives

of foreign, but of Italian provincial papers. The government has provided admirable accommodations of them at the General Post Office. Every reasonable convenience is to be had, and if you have proper credentials and a few ounces of tact as a visiting newspaper man you will be treated with true Latin courtesy.

Just now there is some discomfort on the part of foreign newspaper men here as to whether they will be allowed to go to the front presently. Possibly a limited number of correspondents of allied nations and who are allies by birth may have the privilege. The outlook for neutrals is not so good. But can you blame the Italian Government? If you knew some of the things I know about "neutrals" you wouldn't. And I want to put myself on record as saying as a "neutral" that the Italian Government is quite right.

Two things you can't leave Rome this time without having noted: The extraordinary absence of priestly and seminarish gowns on the street, and the natty, snappy, trim little girl street car conductors (three hundred and fifty of them making seventy-five cents a day of ten hours), who have replaced their brothers and sweethearts called to the colors. After the war I suppose the girl car conductors will have to go. Of course the thousands of young seminary students and their black soutanes will return.

I close with the blunt question, Which note would you prefer in a permanent picture of the Eternal City? Be honest, Manly Male Readers! The "gentle reader" isn't fooled. She knows intuitively how you would vote on such a proposition!



XIV.

Lovely Florence Proving Her Patriotism—Torpedoing of the "Garibaldi" Strengthens Italy's Determination—Two Patriotic Demonstrations—Colaïanni Explains Lissa—An American in Soldier's Uniform—Florentine Food and Humor.

FLORENCE, WEDNESDAY, July 21, 1915.



COME you admire. Florence you must love. Whether you have been in Italy or not I'm sure you will want to know how this city of concentrated beauty is accepting the war—the city that was the capital of the new Italy until the army of Vittorio Emanuele II. forced a breach in the walls and entered Rome forty-five years ago—the city that was the cradle of Modern Civilization (now so battle stained and disfigured in this old Europe) and whose character to me has always seemed symbolized in the Gioconda of her own Leonardo.

I reached Florence early yesterday in what seems an interesting moment. Before leaving Rome at midnight we had the news of the torpedoing of the Italian cruiser Garibaldi, whose commander, Captain Nunes-Franco (fortunately saved), is a Florentine. The news, too, came on the eve of the

anniversary of one of the dark episodes in the history of Italy's wars of unification—the defeat of the Italian fleet by the Austrian Admiral Tegethoff near the Island of Lissa in the Adriatic, July 20, 1866.

You see, there was every reason to expect to find the populace of Florence in a state of depression. "Excitable" and "superstitious" so many Americans consider the Italians, what will they do in the face of this fresh naval disaster following the loss of that other and finer vessel, the *Amalfi*—this ominous sinking of a ship bearing the name of the Great Liberator and commanded by a fellow townsman?



Signor Petrobelli, my old friend, the director of the Hotel Roma on the Piazza Santa Maria Novella, was the first Florentine I talked with. He looked serious, but far from distressed.

"Bad news?" I remarked.

"From the sea," was his reply, "but there's a rumor of very good news from the land. Besides, we have to expect naval losses. The Austrians have the advantage of us in the Dalmatian coast with its innumerable hiding places for the enemy's vessels, while our eastern coast is one long strip of sandy beach. They are afraid to give us an honorable fight. The Duca Degli Abruzzi some time ago, you remember, sent them a wireless telling them the

Italian fleet was ready and waiting and inviting them to respond. And they did respond; but how? By bombarding defenseless coast towns and making assassin submarine attacks. When we were beaten by Tegetoff in '66 it was at least a real naval engagement."

"And how does Florence take it?" I asked.

"Go around and talk to people yourself and judge," was Signor Petrobelli's advice.

Which I took, beginning, of course, with a visit to the Police Commissioner, Cavaliere Luigi Majoli. The Commissioner put at my disposal—if I needed his services—his special officer, one Luigi Vicarr, who had lived in New York for several years, and whose absence of a decade from the "gay white lights" had not yet conquered his longing for Broadway.

"This disaster," said Cavaliere Majoli, "is certainly most lamentable, but instead of shaking the purpose of our people it has had just the opposite effect. It has made us just so much more resolute and determined to pursue this war to the bitter end. It's the people's war. The politicians had to submit to the people's will. And the fact that we have lost another vessel in the Adriatic has impressed more than ever the minds of the masses that we must not permit an insidious enemy to control the coast of the Adriatic opposite ours.

"I'm glad," he continued, "to meet an American observer of our country during these trying times,

for I'm afraid too often the American mentality has been somewhat at fault in its estimate of ours. This war, however, should open American eyes to the real Italian character. It has shown that we have both heart and head. The vast number of charitable organizations at work proves that we have heart, and the manner in which we have organized for victory proves that we have head."



Thanks to Cavaliere Majoli, last night I attended a big gathering of Florentine citizens at the fine hall of the Liberal Union to hear an address by a distinguished Republican, Signor Colaianni, who long has been a member of Parliament from Sicily and who is distinguished as a political economist. Short, thick set, rugged, with bristling grey moustache, although approaching his eightieth year, this fine old Sicilian is still full of vitality. He was a picturesque figure as he took his place on the platform with half a dozen other Garibaldi veterans wearing the old red shirt and their medals and holding aloft a tattered banner which had seen service with "The Thousand," whom the Liberator had led to Sicily in 1860, arrayed behind him. Signor Colaianni is not an orator like Barzilai, but he spoke with great earnestness in a conversational style, and what he said met with a hearty response from his hearers. His subject was the ill-starred event of Lissa and its causes.

The conclusion of the Sicilian statesman's address was significant and evoked marked applause. The trouble with the Italian fleet in 1866 was that its Admiral, Persano, was an incompetent political admiral. This time, however, Signor Colaianni emphasized, politicians have had to retire, and the Italian navy and army are being directed by men who know their business and are inflexible patriots as well.

While Signor Colaianni was talking to his audience at the Liberal Union there was an even more impressive event in progress at the big Politeana Fiorentina, an immense theatre where over a thousand wounded soldiers had been invited to attend the performance of a patriotic drama, "Per Servire la Patria," performed by the eminent old Italian actor, Alfredo De Sanctis, and his company. Signor De Sanctis is much beloved in this country, and he and his fellow players gave their services gratis. Many thousand francs were realized for the Soldiers' Widows' Fund.

Between acts he made a stirring speech to the boys who had seen service at the front and those about to go, explaining with simple eloquence the causes of the war; putting all the blame on Germany and declaring that it was Italy's duty to civilization to take arms and share in the glory and honor of the titantic struggle against the forces of Teutonic barbarism, and the audience cheered deliriously when he concluded:

"No Italian can ever forget that after the torpedoing of the *Amalfi* a Viennese newspaper uttered these horribly infamous words: 'Never did the fish have a finer dinner!' Brutes! Brutes! Brutes! Soldiers of Italy, drive the barbarians back to their dens!"

"Down with Germans!" "Down with the Austrians!" "Death to the assassins!" were the cries with which the audience, civilians as well as soldiers, responded to the old actor's fiery appeal.



Speaking about organization, I can testify that the women of Florence are not far behind their American sisters. Chance and curiosity led me this morning into the Or San Michele, which every visitor to Florence knows—that little church with the wonderful gothic shrine on which Andrea Orcagna worked for a dozen years—a fourteenth century masterpiece. Entering the adjoining doorway I followed a procession of women up a stairway, to find myself in a large and beautiful old hall, which I learned was the place where popular lectures on Dante are given through the winter. This hall had been turned into the Central Bureau of the Relief Society headed by the Marchese Gino Incontri. Two charming Florentine ladies, who are her chief aids, explained all the committee's varied operations to me, and what they don't do for the wives and families of the soldiers and prisoners and disoccupied it would be hard to tell.

While I was passing a few moments enjoying the inimitable bit of bronze of that delightful rascal Benvenuto Cellini—Perseus and the Gorgon's head—in the Loggia dei Lanzi, a private soldier approached me.

"You seem to like it," said he in excellent English.

"Don't you?" I replied, sparring for time to look him over.

"Of course I do," he replied; "but I hadn't seen it for sixteen years until I returned to Italy a few weeks ago. I am a naturalized American, but when I learned that my four brothers had gone to the front from my old home in Sulmona, in the Abruzzi country, I couldn't resist the call of my land of birth, especially when I realized from the American point of view what the war means. I've never been a soldier, having been exempt as the oldest son. So I am going through the usual training for the next two months. I've been all over North and South America for the Armours, but I never walked so much in my life as I have during the past few weeks. My feet are so sore I can hardly stand. There is no doubt about the thoroughness of our training."

I noticed that the number of my American-Italian soldier's regiment was the Sixty-ninth.

"That's an Irish regiment," I suggested.

"Sounds like it to a New Yorker," he responded with a smile, "and by a curious coincidence I have

an almost Irish name—Tirone—Luigi (that's sure enough Italian) Tirone."

Private Tirone and I spent several hours together. Tirone discussed the situation calmly and objectively, and he cherishes no illusions as to the speedy termination of the war. Nor does the government, as preparations already are being made for a winter campaign. I felt that Private Tirone's information was quite reliable when I discovered that he is a friend of my friend, Edward Ziegler, the New York musical critic. Again let me quote that good bromide: "A small world after all."



War or no war, you still can eat well in Florence if you know where to go. Plain Clothes Policeman Vicari insisted upon being my host for a meal, and took me to Paoli's, on the little narrow Via Tavo-
lini. A thoroughly Florentine restaurant, which you enter by way of the kitchen. Bare marble slab tables and no "style," but a fine old arched ceiling, with the walls frescoed with the arms of the old Florentine guilds, which provide ample decoration.

An excellent meal for the two of us cost exactly eighty-four cents with the tip! And Vicari had real wine and I had a bottle of mineral water.

A handsome young priest sat at the table beside me. We got into conversation and discussed war, politics, gastronomy and—ecclesiastical history. I found him a rather broad-minded clerical. I don't

know his name and if I did it would not be fair to tell it, for he gave expression to some very "modernist" ideas that might get him into trouble. I understood better when he told me that he is a professor in a college in Bologna, and when I remarked that it would be a good thing if the Italian Church would send five thousand of its priests to America for a few years in exchange for the same number of American priests in Italy he didn't combat the idea. In fact, although he changed the subject and talked of many other things, my proposition must have stuck in his mind, for as he was taking leave of me he leaned over and whispered in my ear:

"I wouldn't object at all to being sent to America."



From what I have written I think you will gather that the life of this city is proceeding quite as normally as I found it in Milan, Genoa, Naples and Rome. All the galleries and museums are open as usual. Although fully prepared for aeroplane attacks, no one here believes that the enemy's aviators are going to risk a flight over the Appenines in these times. Unlike the Cathedral of Milan, the Cathedral of Florence still retains the stained glass beauty of its windows, and all the treasures of art for which Florence is famous are exactly where they were this time a year ago. There are several hundred Americans still residing in or about Flor-

ence either in pensions in the quieter districts of the city or in villas on the Fiesole hillsides, though, strange to say, I haven't seen an American since arriving here.

Tonight at the cafe in the popular Piazza Vittorio Emanuele II. a cheerful crowd is listening to an excellent band playing popular Italian operatic music and discussing the unofficial reports of big successes all along the Italian front. The news is such as to more than offset the loss of the Garibaldi if it is only half true. Everything indicates the early capture of Gorizia.



One more reference to food: Opposite the Cathedral is a small but excellent eating place called the Giotto Restaurant. Signor Giovanni Casacci, the presiding genius, has a fine sense of humor, as every good Tuscan should have. It is he who tells the story.

"A nice old English lady," said he, "was directed to the Giotto Restaurant last year and told to ask for the proprietor, as he would give her his special attention. Along she came.

"'Is Mr. Giotto in?' says she.

"No, madam, I replied, trying to look serious. 'I'm sorry to say he's dead.'

"'Oh, dear me!' says she. 'How distressing. And when did he pass away?'

"Well, madam, it was some time ago, but we have

a nice monument to his memory which he designed himself. If you step to the corner I'll show it to you.

"So I led her to where she could have a good view of the Campanile."

"'You're a dreadful man to make such fun of me!'" she exclaimed, 'and I'd rather go hungry than eat in your old restaurant!'

"And off she went. I lost a customer, but I couldn't help having my joke. It's in our blood, I suppose."

Remember the Gioconda smile? She was having her joke on some one, you may be sure. Leonardo knew, I'll bet, but he never told.

XVIII.

Mediaeval Bologna in the War Zone—Strangers' Visits Not Encouraged—From Barbarossa to Marconi—Dantesque Gloom of the Endless Arcade at Night—In the Halls in Which Mezzofanti and Carducci Taught—Comments on American "Neutrality."

BOLOGNA, SATURDAY, July 24, 1915.



THOUGH a considerable distance from the "firing line," nevertheless I find myself really in the "zone of war." When I left Florence yesterday I didn't know whether I should be accepted in Bologna as a desirable guest or not.

Since the fifteenth of this month the restrictions upon visitors to cities and towns in the "zone of war" have been made much more exacting—and quite properly so—so that a stranger, even Italian, but especially a foreigner, finds entrance no easy matter. I thought I would take a chance, however, and arriving late in the afternoon at Bologna I presented myself to the military authorities at the railway station.

A captain, a first lieutenant and a second lieutenant all looked me over, scrutinized my credentials and examined and cross-examined me in a

manner to do justice to a corps of Philadelphia lawyers. Apparently I made a tolerably good witness, as the captain prepared and handed me a very modest looking document, granting me "sojourn" until this evening, signed "Capitano Agabbi," and having a bit of a laugh at me by remarking in the language of Shakespeare:

"I don't think you can see very much of Bologna tonight. And, by the way, if you only had spoken in English instead of Italian I think we would have understood you more easily and saved you at least five minutes' delay!"

He was charmingly polite and I really blushed. You see this is Bologna—the Athens, the Boston, of Italy. And I can quite understand how, in a similar situation, if a poor Zulu from South Africa, arriving at the North Station, should have applied for a "permit to sojourn" in Boston, he too might have been turned loose to roam for twenty-four hours on Beacon street, Commonwealth avenue and the Commons with the remark:

"If you only had spoken to us in Zulu instead of 'pidgin-English' you would have simplified our labor and allowed yourself several minutes more time for the enjoyment and appreciation of Boston!"

However, I retired, I think, gracefully, and made for the Albergo Italia. I knew nothing about it, but the name sounded safe. And I made no mistake, for it is in the heart of the city, and I learn tonight that unfortunately my "permit to so-

jour” won’t permit me to see for myself Queen Elena and Princess Iolanda, who are expected to arrive in Bologna, in strict incognito, from the front, where they have been visiting the King, and who will stop at this same hotel. Her Majesty, I am told, has insisted that there shall be no notice taken of her visit, as her purpose is simply to see and speak with the wounded soldiers in the military hospitals.



Very different your feelings on arriving at Bologna from those you experience entering Rome or Florence, or any other Italian city I have visited so far except Venice. Soldiers, soldiers, soldiers! Everywhere soldiers! Thousands of the habitual residents have gone to the front or to military depots farther north or east; but their absence seems more than made up for by the thousands and thousands of the soldiers brought from farther south to Bologna, which ordinarily has a population of nearly 200,000.

But how anachronistic seem all their modern uniforms in this strange, this unique city! For here you are back in the Middle Ages and earliest Renaissance period. Miles and miles of round Roman arched arcades of reddish brick or terra cotta line the streets. Columbus’ great-great-grandfather was a babe in arms when the monumental structures which house or housed Bologna’s civil and military authorities, and are among her chief ar-

chitectural and historic glories, were planned and built. What a picture, you think, if instead of bersaglieri and Alpini, and cavalrymen in their up-to-date gray-green, these fine fellows were garbed and equipped as were the archers, halberdiers or doughty knights in the far away days of their ancestors of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries!

But just as you have gazed in wonder at the immense, rugged leaning towers, which side by side have been projecting themselves skyward from the centre of the city for more than eight hundred years, one of which, upward of three hundred feet high, seems the medieval forerunner of the Metropolitan Life and Singer skyscrapers, your cabman suddenly points out a handsome old palazzo and remarks:

“The Palazzo Marconi!”

Presto! The spell is broken! Vanished the vision evoked of Barbarossa days! This is the twentieth century even in old Bologna, which today hails the man who was born in that palazzo forty years ago as her most distinguished son.

Severe, conservative, scholastic, mathematical in its lines, there is an air of pride, of self-conscious superiority, about Bologna that even war has not softened. Here, by the way, is the central bureau of the postal censor. All the foreign mails come to and go from Bologna. Where else find a greater assortment of interpreters? Is not this the seat of

the second oldest university in the world? (I think I am not mistaken in putting it next to Paris.) And was it not here that the famous Cardinal Mezzofanti, who could speak more than a hundred different languages and dialects, was born and taught?

Assuredly Bologna was just the proper place to establish the foreign censorship, while the reputation of its medical department of the university justified its selection as an important hospital centre.

With all its air of severity, however, I found even in my short visit that Bologna is quite human and that its interest in the war is not less profound and intense than is found elsewhere in the peninsula. Though for centuries a part of the Papal States, the short period of independence during the first French Republic, when Napoleon made it capital of the Cispaduan Republic, awakened a spirit of liberty that Austrian rule afterward never could subdue.

That spirit pervaded the halls of the old university, hovered over the professor's chair. Year after year thousands of youths of culture and enthusiasm were sent forth to every part of Italy to preach the gospel of Italian liberty and unity. You can imagine what a potent role Bologna must have played in the making of the new Italy; especially, too, when you remember that Giosue Carducci, the great poet of Italy's third war of independence (this she calls her "fourth and last") for many

years occupied a professorship at the university, which, until he died in 1907 at the age of 72, was in truth the Holy See of Italian Culture of which Carducci was Pontifex Maximus.



The Restaurant of the Risorgimento—expressive word that, applied to Italy's struggle for independence, "Rising Again" as from the tomb—invited me for a dinner of Bologna sausage and spaghetti a la Bolognese. Across my table I could see the old Palazzo Comunale, while in the square between us completely boxed in to protect it from aeroplane bombs, stood another of Italy's treasures in bronze, Gianbologna's famous Fountain of Neptune. A good job the carpenters had made of it and again I was reminded that in spite of the crowds on the streets and in the cafes and restaurants and the excellent food at ordinary prices, there is a war in progress in which Italy has several million sons engaged.

While passing around the corner to the cafe in the venerable Palazzo del Podesta I felt a strange change taking place in the atmosphere. It took me a few moments to realize that nearly all the open street lamps had been extinguished and that the only light provided the wayfarer came from the indigo colored lanterns hanging at long intervals beneath the sombre arches up the seemingly endless arcades.

Venice in obscurity I already have told you about. But Venice in perfect darkness is a delicious, fantastic dream. Bologna, grim, almost gloomy, even in daylight, in this supernatural darkness more resembles a nightmare. "Lurid," I think, is the word to describe that faint indigo lamp light; "Dantesque" one might characterize the peculiar effect. In fact, walking at night in Bologna is very much like what it would be to take a stroll through the New York subway void of its trains.

"Then, of course," I hear you say, "in such a state of things that stern old scholastic-ecclesiastical medieval city turns into bed soon after the shadows fall."

Stuff and nonsense! That's just where Bologna fools you! Would you believe it, this prim old lady is a most shocking hypocrite! Notorious, I found, are the Bolognese as night birds. It was long after midnight when I returned to my hotel, but I left the Cafe del Podesta with the waiters still busy serving patrons, and the many other eating and drinking places which I passed were equally well occupied. Of course, many curtains were suspended on the exteriors of the arcades in front, while the few electric lights within were enveloped in green tissue paper.

In the circumstances you felt that in taking even a "soft" drink you were doing something naughty: and this feeling which seemed common to the Bo-

lognese appeared to encourage them in their innocent wickedness!



One of many excellent newspapers in Italy is the *Resto del Carlino* of Bologna. Its tendencies are democratic without being extreme. It reminds one of the New York *Evening Post* and smacks a bit of the Boston *Evening Transcript*. Signor G. Teresi, who several years ago worked on the *Progresso Italiano* of New York, is a member of the staff and the newspaper's authority in American matters generally. Shortly before midnight I found him in the editorial rooms, his sleeves rolled up, "editing copy" and writing "headlines" just as though he were on Park row. Although employed on a Bolognese paper, he is a Sicilian by birth.

"Coming from the South," said Signor Teresi, "I can view the Bolognese objectively. They seem colder, perhaps, than they really are. You have heard how Sicily is all aglow with patriotic fire and you have heard with what tremendous enthusiasm our Sicilian soldiers have been attacking the enemy and capturing his trenches. Well, let me assure you that the men from this country of Emilia and Romagna are winning equal honors.

"They may be less demonstrative than the Southern Italians, but they are not less determined that this shall be a war to the bitter end. Every day the feeling grows deeper that this is a contest of the

forces of civilization, of human rights against barbarism and tyranny, and there isn't a man in Italy from the King to the simplest contadino who doesn't realize the duty we owe to the world in general and our country in particular. The anti-bellum neutralists? They are all in line, except, possibly, a negligible handful.

"We are waiting impatiently to see what the United States is going to do. Today's forecast of the note to Germany indicates a positive stand by President Wilson. Surely the United States can do nothing else. Are you going to continue to let Germany 'bluff' you? Is your 'hand' so weak that you are afraid to 'call' Germany? That's what we in Europe are asking. You have played the gentleman long enough. Germany surely is deceiving herself as to your spirit as she deceived herself regarding ours.

"To be frank, we want to see the United States definitely on the side of the Allies. No need to make actual war. Just sever all your relations with Germany and Austria and the unspeakable Turk and give the Allies all your moral and financial support. It would do more than anything else to help end the war, which can only end one way—with the submission of Germany. A triumphant Germany would mean Europe in chains! And your Monroe Doctrine! Why, it wouldn't even be the most infinitesimal fragment of a 'scrap of paper.'"



To leave Bologna without having seen her uni-

versity would have been unpardonable. But as my time was short (my train leaves in an hour) I had to get up early. My promenade took me past the famous market which I found crowded with vendors and purchasers. And what an admirable market it was! Well could I understand the Bolognese respect for the table and realize once more that real culture and a good kitchen are not unrelated. The fresh figs especially caught my fancy on the fruit stalls and the bag full that I bought for ten soldi kept me busy as I strolled along in the fresh morning air until I reached my destination.

The present university buildings have been in use only about a hundred years—quite modern, one might say. This being vacation time, even were there no war, one might expect to find them comparatively deserted. I found them almost entirely so, but learned that were conditions normal and were the season later, class and teachers' rooms would be at the service of between three and four thousand students, of whom ten to fifteen per cent. are women. The call to arms, however, materially emptied the university of both students and teachers. Nearly all the young women offered their services to the Red Cross.

Almost the only department which seemed to be open for business was the library, and there I found a very kindly host in the assistant librarian, Dr. Ludovico Frati, who showed me all through it, pointing out especially the documents which he recently had received from my own American uni-

versity, as well as all the other leading colleges of the United States, to prove that old Bologna keeps in touch with her sister scholastic institutions of the New World. The room in which over 6,000 precious manuscripts are preserved seemed one of his pets. On the wall hung a fine portrait of the university's great polyglot, Cardinal Mezzofanti, in his gorgeous ecclesiastical robes.

"We have his beretta, too," said Dr. Frati. "Would you like to see it?"

"Surely," said I; whereupon he unlocked a case and reverently withdrew therefrom the precious headpiece of the Cardinal.

There was nothing extraordinary about it that I could see as he handed it to me for examination, but I couldn't help sharing to some extent Dr. Frati's reverence for a relic which had for so many years crowned a head that contained so much linguistic lore as did the head of Mezzofanti.

"Would you permit an American indiscretion?" I suddenly ventured.

"Name it," said the doctor.

"I'd like to put that beretta on my head for a moment, if you don't object?"

Dr. Frati and his companions smiled. They were too polite to refuse.

"Why, it fits you perfectly!" exclaimed my host.

"Well, doctor, I'll tell you better the next time I come to Bologna if the charm has worked, for I'm afraid I'd have to sleep in it a good many nights before I could read Dante."

Dr. Frati wouldn't let me leave the university without seeing where Carducci used to lecture. Naturally I expected to find a hall of some dimensions. What was my surprise to be led into a little modulation for hardly forty students! His old desk on a raised platform is still there, while on a pedestal in the corner—the only ornament in the room—stood a fine marble bust of the great Toscan poet and patriot. This is the same hall into which on one memorable occasion after Carducci had published an ode in homage to Queen Margherita, whose loftiness of character he so admired, a crowd of Republican students burst, shouting:

“Down with Carducci! Down with Carducci!”

Disdainful of their invasion and threats the poet jumped upon his desk, facing them with a leonine pride, exclaimed:

“Useless to shout ‘Down with Carducci!’ for Nature put me above you! Better shout, ‘To Death!’ ”

XIX.

A Hundred Thousand Italian Voices Sing Patriotic Hymns—Remarkable Concert in Milan Organized and Conducted by Arturo Toscanini—Verdi as the Voice of United Italy.

MILAN, TUESDAY, July 27, 1915.



HE spirit of the new Italy, called from "the vasty deep" of the nation's being by the magic wand of Arturo Toscanini, spoke last night as never had it spoken before. And the voice was the voice of Verdi.

Fortunate the hundred thousand sons and daughters of this fair land who filled the immense Milan Arena and the streets encircling it, on the occasion of the Patriotic Concert organized and conducted by the wizard maestro for the benefit of the artists of the theatre made destitute by the war! Even more fortunate the few Americans who were able to witness a spectacle, the memory of which time can never efface! It was all Italy pouring out her soul in song—proclaiming her patriotic creed in the melody and harmony of her greatest musical genius.

For weeks the monster concert had been in preparation. It was Toscanini's idea. Ardent patriot that he is, unfitted by myopia for military duties,

he could think of no better way to render service to his country. Needless to say, his proposition met with enthusiastic popular approval. The services of every available operatic artist and of hundreds of accomplished amateurs were speedily secured. There was to be nothing small about the affair. The great Arena was chosen as the most suitable scene. The chorus was to number at least 1,500, while an orchestra of 300 members, supplemented by an augmented military band, was organized. And while Signor Toscanini assumed the artistic direction the head of the committee on business arrangements was Signora Toscanini.

Milan had seen so little of the maestro for many years that it seemed to be rediscovering his extraordinary qualities during the progress of the rehearsals. The local newspapers day by day found something new and marvellous in his genius.

"He who has not seen Arturo Toscanini while he was conducting a rehearsal," wrote one astonished Milanese journalist, "has missed one of the most extraordinary experiences of his life."

And one of the principal members of the orchestra told another newspaper man something that we of New York already know so well. "There is something irresistible in that baton of Toscanini's," said he. "It is truly magical! It has eloquence, suggestiveness, power and authority that we ourselves cannot explain. It fascinates, transforms, makes us understand with our souls things that our intellects could not grasp."

What skill in the making of the programme and what understanding of the mentality of his compatriots Toscanini showed! All the music (with the exception of one number) was Verdi's. How else could it have been? We of America are too apt to think of him simply as the composer of some of the more popular operas in existence. We love him for the undying charm of his spontaneous melody, the unaffected sincerity of his "Trovatore," his "Traviata" and his "Rigoletto"; for the gorgeous setting and dramatic fluency of his "Aida." (Unfortunately too many of us have still to reach a full appreciation of his later "Otello" and "Falstaff." But we shall get there in time!)

Here in Italy, however, every one knows that nearly all Verdi's earlier works—those that we never hear in America—were inspired by patriotic ardor and had a patriotic purpose. So it was principally from these, to us, unknown operas that Toscanini selected his choral numbers—from "La Battaglia di Legnana," which was composed at the request of Mazzini's short lived Roman Republic in 1849, and which dealt with the defeat of the German Emperor Frederick Barbarossa by the League of Lombard Cities; from "Nabucco," composed in 1842, which contained an aria which has been described as "the first lyric canto of the great poem of the Italian Revolution"; from "Attila," composed in 1840, in which the Roman hero declares to the Hun chieftain: "Take all the universe, but Italy leave to me!" and which at the first per-

formance in Venice, then under Austrian rule, created a scandal; from "I Lombardi," which for fear its sentiments might offend Vienna, the Austrian Archbishop at Milan tried to have "cut," his lordship, however, having to bow to Verdi's inflexible refusal to permit its mutilation. Last but not least came Verdi's "Hymn of the Nations," written for chorus with tenor soloist for the International Exposition at London, in 1862—a cantata for which his friend Arrigo Boito, who was one of Garibaldi's soldiers in 1866, provided the poem, and which includes a most effective contrapuntal treatment of "God Save the King" (or Queen, as it then was), the "Marseillaise" and the Italian "Marcia Reale."

"The Hymn of the Nations," you see, was the climax of the patriotic crescendo at which Toscanini aimed. And the effect he sought was exactly the effect obtained. The enthusiasm of the immense assembly grew steadily as the concert progressed. It was nearly midnight when the hymn ended in a grand fortissimo. Toscanini in a lofty stand, facing the singers massed on the steps leading to a beautiful Corinthian portico of spotless white marble, the great orchestra at his feet, deservedly shared the honors of the evening with Verdi and must have felt it was the proudest moment in his life as cheer after cheer came from 100,000 throats while the vast oval of the arena seemed a seething storm-tossed sea of hats and handkerchiefs.

Suddenly he picked up his baton again, gave a

signal, and the orchestra and military band combined struck up the blood-stirring strains of "The Royal March." The cheering increased in intensity. But the capping of the climax came when the concert was closing with Mamelli's "Battle Hymn" (which ends in a sort of "rebel yell") and "The Garibaldi March," after all Italy's best war song. Bless your heart, how that "Garibaldi March" did get them! The full moon had just burst through a cloud. Some quick-witted chap on the distant confines of the arena rolled up an evening paper and set fire to it. The idea instantly caught on. In two minutes thousands of others had followed his example.

The effect was startling. It seemed as though tens of thousands of wills-o'-the-wisp had sprung from the earth. And while these fantastic pyrotechnics played their pranks, dancing with mad glee in the midnight breeze, a hundred thousand Italian voices joined with the monster chorus on the temple steps in chanting the martial music of the red shirt hero, the Marseillaise of Italy:

"Va fuori d'Italia!

Va fuori stranier!"

"Begone from Italy! Stranger, begone!" sang the chorus (trained, by the way, by our own Giulio Setti, the famous chorus master of the Metropolitan Opera Company).

"Begone from Italy! Stranger, begone!" thundered the audience in response.

What a scene! What an explosion of human

emotion! What an apotheosis of patriotism! Tears rolled down the cheeks of hundreds of wounded soldiers occupying reserved seats. Tears filled the eyes of the groups of veterans from the Verdi Home for Aged Artists. In what eye in the great throng was there not a tear? Poor in spirit, bankrupt of soul, the man who did not feel his eyelash moisten, indeed, his whole being thrill, as he heard repeated again and again:

"Begone from Italy! Stranger, begone!" Words one unconsciously paraphrased into:

"Begone from Belgium! Stranger, begone!"

Do I succeed in conveying to you just a faint idea of this "Concertissimo"? Can you at least "see it in a glass, darkly"?

To make you see it "face to face," by word or pen, one must be another Swinburne.



Who were there of Milan's "personalities"? Don't expect me to tell you. To discover any one you knew in that monster audience seemed miraculous. Signor Gatti-Casazza took me to the Arena—fortunately! I thought, of course, he would have a box or something equivalent, but, in his customary democratic way, he had chosen a pair of most inconspicuous seats from which he never stirred the entire three hours! I notice that in Milan his reputation for silence and reserve is even greater than in New York.

Tito Ricordi, head of the big music publishing

house, dashing and debonair, the best dressed man in Milan, you could pick out without difficulty. Giorgio Polacco, I also caught sight of in the crowd, and General Secretary F. C. Coppicus, of the Metropolitan company, the latter in a newly built Italian Renaissance summer suit. Maestro Cleofonte and Signora Campanini and Secretary and Mrs. Julius Daiber, of the Chicago Opera Company, sat near me, while not far off were little Lucrezia Bori and little Emma Trentini.

Four or five feminine faces also recalled me to Broadway. Pretty little Miss Toscanini (her face a tanagra reproduction of her father's), in dainty white frock with a stunning big Leghorn hat, was the leader of a charming band of programme venders, each young lady being escorted by a Boy Scout—a Giovane Esploratore—in uniform. Rosina Storchio, Italy's most distinguished dramatic soprano—a little woman, with brown hair, sparkling and expressive eye, and nervous, "temperamental" movement—between the first and second parts of the programme, laden with flowers, sought the wounded soldiers and distributed blossoms right and left.

But of all the "personalities" pointed out to me the most interesting was a tall, fine looking, brownish moustached, broad shouldered man who seemed not more than 65 years of age. His name is Arrigo Boito, friend and collaborer of Verdi, comrade of Garibaldi in 1866 and Senator of the Kingdom. I didn't wait for a formal introduction, but ap-

proached him at once, telling him I had heard his "Mefistofele" when it was first given in America years ago, adding:

"And I hope before long to hear the first American production of your new opera, 'Nero.'"

"I hope you will," said Signor Boito with paternally benignant smile.

"But when, Maestro?" I persisted.

"After the war!" was his gentle but reassuring response. "After the war!"

"Nero!" "After the War!" "Nero!" "Blazing Rome!" "After the War!" "Blazing Europe!" "Nero!" No "Guglielmo!" "Nero!" "Gulielmo!"


These are the thoughts that were dancing in my brain as I tried and tried to fall asleep in the small hours after that night whose story puts my poor pen to shame!



XX.

Anniversary of the Beginning of the War of Nations—More Than Ever an Optimist—Commemorating Jaures' Assassination—Ex-Priest Murri Discusses Crispi and Explains the Triple Alliance.

COMO, SUNDAY, August 1, 1915.

AYS of anniversaries these! Days when one's thoughts irresistibly revert to the past, intimate and remote. Just one year ago about the hour I now am writing, while sipping tea at Amenonville in the Bois de Boulogne, I was stunned by the voice of the head waiter, who shouted to the band playing "ragtime":

"Stop that music! The mobilization decree has just been posted. Play the Marseillaise!"

The war of nations had begun! The Kaiser had unchained the dogs! The Star of Bethlehem seemed suddenly to suffer an eclipse! The malevolent spirit of Frederick the Great (what would Carlyle say were he still living?) apparently had usurped the throne of the Prince of Peace. Christian civilization seemed nothing more than a fragile Temple of Cards. It was a return to Polytheism, for each belligerent nation as in turn it unsheathed its sword, invoked its God of War. Even the Free

Thinker who with Matthew Arnold had satisfied himself with belief in a "Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness" wondered if his Master, cool, clear, precise, logical, had not been preaching a doctrine of self-delusion.

Looking back to the morning of August 1 one year ago, I remember that until the last moment I was an Optimist. And now after this twelve months of human carnage I dare again to write myself down an Optimist. An Annee Terrible, truly! But my friend, as I looked at the hanging lamp in the old Pisa Cathedral the other day, the hanging lamp that Galileo so often watched with scientific eye, I thought of all the horrors of these twelve months of modern history, and the seemingly deadly blows being dealt to modern civilization and found a comforting thought in the historic utterance of that great Italian:

"E pur si muove!"—And yet she moves!

So why not still be an Optimist? Why not believe that these agonies are the world's birth pains that precede a new order of things—Humanity's new heaven and new earth?

Pardon this exordium. Remember I'm a Methodist preacher's son, and if "these few remarks" smack of the pulpit or arouse the suspicion that I have brought with me to Italy a barrel of my father's old sermons be indulgent; for just now I can hear the bells of the little Catholic church away above my hotel, on the crest of Mount Brunate, aglow in the afternoon sun, summoning to

vespers the faithful who will receive a real benediction from the lips of the 90-year-old Garibaldino priest, Don Giuseppe Bernasconi.



Yesterday throughout Italy the Socialists, who form such a large proportion of the voters of this country (last election in this district of Como alone they cast in round numbers 8,000 votes for their candidate, who was beaten by a majority of only 300 votes by his opponent, Signor Carcano, the present Minister of the Treasury) held meetings commemorative of the assassination by a madman of the great French Socialist Jean Jaures, as he was taking his after-dinner coffee in the little Cafe du Croissant in the rue Montmartre, Paris. Here, as in France, Socialists of every phase revere his memory as devoutly as any believer ever revered the memory of a saint. In fact, there was an intense rivalry between the *Avanti*, the newspaper organ of what is left of the anti-intervention Socialists, and the *Populo d'Italia*, of which Mussolini, leader of the war advocates of the party, as to which should have place of honor and burn the most incense at Jaures' shrine. Mussolini seems to have had the best of it, for yesterday he published a letter from another eminent French Socialist, the veteran Edouard Valliant, a survivor of the Paris Commune and one of the most intimate friends of Jaures.

"Most willingly I share with you my profound regret on this sad anniversary," wrote Monsieur Valliant, "which reminds us of the odious assassination which snatched from us Jaures, because I know so well the admiration and sympathy with which Jaures, had he lived, would have followed your political action, your efforts in the cause of the Allies, and the joy with which he would have hailed your success when Italy, noble Italy, assuming at the same time its historic mission, its duty to achieve its unity, has added its armies to those of the Allies in the common struggle of human justice, of popular liberty and of the independence and autonomy of nations against the assault, the aggression, of Austro-German military imperialism seeking to establish a tyrannical overlordship which would compel all Europe to pay tribute to it, enslaved and forever incapable of development."

Strong words these! And no doubt they will help lessen the constantly decreasing remnant of the Socialist party that has been lukewarm toward the war.



Today also happens to be the anniversary of the formation of the Swiss Confederation away back in 1353. Although the national festival of the Triune Republic, it is never celebrated with any great degree of fervor, and from what I can learn from across the frontier (where I spent a few hours

yesterday), I would not have been much impressed had I gone this afternoon to Belinzona, where President Motta is announced to make an address. This war has proved, to my mind, judging from the tone of the leading newspapers of German, French and Italian Switzerland, that Switzerland really is a confederation rather than a nation.



No doubt you remember reading some years ago about Romolo Murri, the unfrocked priest who married and went into politics and was elected as a Democratic member of the Chamber of Deputies. He is "out" now, having been beaten at the last election; but he still keeps up his literary work and has just published a book, "*La Croce e la Spada*"—"The Cross and the Sword"—in which he discusses the effects of the war on Christianity and the Catholic Church. He has now begun another book in which he proposes to consider in all its phases the conduct and attitude of the Papacy during the war—a book which can be completed only when the war has ended.

Yesterday Signor Murri published a very interesting review of the recently issued volumes of the parliamentary discourses of the great Italian statesman, Francesco Crispi, whom Murri says is the only really great statesman Italy has had since Cavour. One of the most interesting quotations from Crispi cited by Murri—interesting it seems to

me and timely—deals with the origins of the Triple Alliance denounced by Italy so recently. Says Crispi:

“We were in 1877 when we felt the need of an alliance. It was a moment when we suspected that the Government of a nation on the other side of the Alps had it in mind to resuscitate the pontifical question; in fact, we had the proofs in hand and were positive that it was willing to risk a military expedition against us. You remember the fortification of Rome we ordered. It was the first work of the Minister of War, Mezzacapo. It was also thought necessary by the Ministry of which Depretis was the head that I be sent abroad on an official mission.”

This mission, it appears, was in fact to effect an agreement with Germany. Crispi first went to Paris—whence came the threat—and spoke with Gambetta, who the year afterward was to come into power and change the policy of France toward the Vatican and Italy. Other reasons, however, arose to make Italy feel the need of an alliance. Things went badly for the country from 1878 to 1882. Twice propositions for co-operation with England in Egyptian affairs fell through. The Berlin Congress was profitless and France was permitted by Bismarck to occupy Tunis. Finally in 1882 the alliance was made with Germany, already allied with Austria, with which Italy also made her pact.

Crispi, according to Murri, upheld the Triple Alliance for the following basic reasons:

Given the hostility of France and the danger of aggression from that quarter, Italy could not remain isolated in Europe.

Therefore, to escape isolation, alliance with the central empires together with an alliance with England on the sea. But England then was not making alliances and would only treat of "friendship."

The triplice must not exclude a policy of liberty of action for the Balkan nations. When Bulgaria elected Ferdinand as prince and Russia opposed it, supported by a majority of the Powers, it was Crispi who won the game for Bulgaria and Ferdinand.

However, points out Murri, foreseeing that the time might come when Italy would be compelled to combat Austria, and knowing that a nation could not raise its voice unless it is strong, when he was in power Crispi worked for the reorganization and increase of the military forces. National finances were not in a condition to permit much being accomplished. Prudence was the only policy. And when he was questioned in Parliament regarding the dissolution of the Trent and Trieste Committee in Rome, Crispi replied to the enthusiastic and bellicose Irredentists:

"If you expect your ideas to prevail you should adopt a different system. It is not an alliance, but two and a half million bayonets we need!"

Crispi, says Murri, believed he had done much

for Italy in giving her the voice of a Great Power. He believed in a strong foreign policy. Meanwhile, he aimed at reorganizing the country, at giving it a definite will and awaiting new opportunities.

"Notable qualities as a statesman had Francesco Crispi," adds Romolo Murri. "Great was his love of his country, sure his vision, tenacious his will, ready his genius and his speech. He ruled with authority, but notwithstanding his frequent arbitrary acts he was always respectful of the Legislative authorities and constitutional liberties, this haughty, imperious Sicilian."

I make this quotation regarding Crispi because too many of us know too little about him and the part he took in the now defunct Triple Alliance.



There are two or three other names of persons and things Italian that are constantly being mentioned in the news from this country during the war about which I may say a word. With the national hymns of all the belligerents we are quite familiar—that of Italy excepted. How many Americans know the "Marcia Reale" when they hear it? I didn't until I got used to it over here. It is by no means a masterpiece, but it is snappy and spirited and makes you step lively. It was composed by an obscure Piemontese bandmaster in the days of Carlo Alberto, father of Vittorio Emanuele II.

The "Garibaldi March"—perhaps you have heard that. If you have heard it once I'm sure it will always linger somewhere in your memory. Simplicity itself, its simplicity and directness make it one of the best "popular" tunes in the world. It has the swing of "Marching Through Georgia," just as the "Marcia Reale" makes you think of "Dixie."

The words of the "Garibaldi March" were written by a central Italian poet, Luigi Mercantini, and the music by another bandmaster, Alessio Olivieri, a native of that birthplace of so many fine fiddles, Cremona.

The "Hymn of Mameli," which enjoys about as much popularity as the "Garibaldi March," suggests the style of "My Maryland." It sounds more like a real hymn. In fact, a few Sundays ago a military mass in the Udine Cathedral, attended by Gen. Cadorna and his staff, at the close of the service the organist struck up the "Mameli Hymn." Instantly every soldier in the church joined in, and the effect, it is said, was electric. Mameli was a Genovese and a dear friend of Garibaldi. He was fatally wounded by a French bullet in Rome in 1849 and died shouting "Viva l'Italia!" He wrote the hymn in 1847 and a Genovese composer, Michele Novara, made the music.

I heard Verdi's music to another "Mameli Hymn" last Monday evening. It is very fine, but I like Novara's better, though the melody of the "Garibaldi March" stirs my blood more than any

other. Buy them all, "try them on your piano," and see if you don't agree with me.



D'Annunzio at last has been heard from. He has made a flight in an aeroplane over Trieste. The news from "the front" (by way of the Galleria of Milan) says that he had provided himself with a sack of postal cards bearing his picture and some original patriotic verses which he emptied upon the heads of the "unredeemed" residents of the "unredeemed" city. The Galleria is eagerly waiting for the Austrian official communique to learn the enemy's account of the poetic bombardment. Vienna's silence is suspicious. The casualties may have exceeded the Irredentists' fondest hopes!

XXI.

The Pope's Vain Appeal for Peace—How Italy Received the Kaiser's Disavowal of Responsibility for War—Preparing the Public Mind for Italy's Entry Into the Balkans—Trieste's Economic Future.

MILAN, WEDNESDAY, August 4, 1915.



POPE BENEDICT'S appeal for peace—"misdirected," a radical paper says—has fallen on deaf ears as far as Italy is concerned. The impending abandonment of Warsaw by the Russians is accepted by all classes here as a prudent strategic move. The laconic official announcements of Gen. Cadorna daily renew confidence in the Italian army.

I can detect no wavering, not the least indication of a depression in the spirit of the Italian people, who, looking back over the events of the last twelve months, cherish no illusions as to the difficulties which their own campaign against Austria presents—tremendous difficulties, I might say—or the remoteness of a final pact of peace.

However, if in their anniversary days (wasn't it just a year ago that Paris breathed that great sigh of relief on hearing that England had declared war against Germany?). Italy needed a "bracer,"

it was at hand in the speech of the Kaiser. Of course, officially, Italy is "not in a state of war with Germany." There have been rumors of German soldiers having been captured in the fighting on the Italo-Austrian frontier, but Italian army officers with whom I have talked tell me that among the 17,000 or more prisoners so far taken by the Italians there is not a real German. Doubtless if there had been it would have been officially announced. Germany, it is felt here, wants to delay direct war on Italy as long as possible. She has a good many hundred million dollars of investments of one sort or another in this country of which she is not unmindful.



State of war or no state of war, the anti-German feeling steadily grows in intensity, and the Kaiser's solemn oath, "Before God and before history that my conscience is clear, that I did not want war," has been received with a universal roar of derision. Under the title, "Innocence," the *Corriere della Sera*, discussing the War Lord's utterances, says:

"Ought we to say that the German Emperor has perjured himself before God? However, if we consider the facts, there can be no doubt that God is called upon to be a false witness."

The *Secolo*, the other big newspaper of Milan, is more blunt. It quotes the Emperor's oath as the text of its leading editorial and declares:

"Europe and the civilized world have already re-

plied: 'Your Majesty, you lie! The German people, perhaps on the authority of their Emperor, may endeavor to continue the falsehood, may try to justify themselves before humanity, to cry aloud so that the echo may go down to posterity. But the lie is not going to live, and if the German people were deceived, if through too much credulity they swear by the word of their ruling classes, Europe may at most excuse them, but it cannot allow itself to be deceived—the imperial oath' is the cry of a conscience in the convulsion of remorse united with the cry of rabid impotence."



Public opinion in Italy is yet divided as to the wisdom of the nation's armed forces co-operating directly with the other members of the Quadruplice at the Dardanelles or in France. Mussolini, the war Socialist leader, favors such action if there are no good military reasons against it.

"If it is possible," he says, "it is necessary. With Trent and Trieste occupied," he contends, "the Italians at most will have only closed the first plan of the war, which must continue until the enemy is totally defeated. Only thus can Trent and Trieste become securely a part of Italy. In a word, every partial victory of the nations of the Quadruplice will be illusory unless followed by a *general* victory."

And then Mussolini goes on to remind his constituents (who are "the masses") that it may be

necessary to send some Italian army corps to France or to the Gallipoli peninsula rather than to the Isonzo. "What matters it if Italian troops fight north, south, east or west? The essential thing is to win. As for men—Italy's resources are sufficient for every need. There are several millions already under arms and five classes still to call on—nearly 2,000,000 more.



The foregoing will help give an idea of the spirit of Italy in these trying hours, when the war cloud which hangs over Europe, and even parts of Asia and Africa, looks dark and more fateful than ever. Strange the irony of things that should just at this time reveal the story of the alleged American attempt some months ago to subsidize the Italian Socialists in a peace propaganda. Indeed, were it true that it was Andrew Carnegie's money that was involved, it would only present Mr. Carnegie as a latter day Mrs. Partington trying to sweep back the Atlantic Ocean with a 50-cent broom.

Even poor Romain Rolland, whom we all must love for his wonderful "Jean Christophe," and who has been working for peace ever since last August, has thrown up his hands in despair. His efforts, he confesses, have been "a miserable failure." "No one," he laments, "wants to hear any other voice than his own passion."



By the way, Italy is getting over its attack of

spyphobia—if I may coin a word—of which it, like other belligerent countries, had such an acute attack. It now turns out that the supposed spy signals on the Metropolis Hotel in the Piazza del Duomo here were both innocent and harmless lights on a roof garden, of the nature of which the police were quite aware. The charges against the proprietor and his assistants all fell through.

So, too, with the spy charges against the monks in the monastery at Bari, on the Adriatic coast, which has been bombarded by Austrian aeroplanes, and against the sacristan of the church at Ancona, also charged with aiding the bombarding enemy by signals. The sacristan, however, has been sent for interment to Sardina, much, it appears, to the displeasure of the islanders, whose newspaper, *Nuova Sardegna*, refuses to believe in the sacristan's innocence, and says that Sardinia will gladly care for Austrian prisoners, but protests against being made the guardian of an Italian traitor.



An Italian friend of mine in New York during his "neutralist" days (he is not a "neutralist" now, I can assure you) used to say that it would be the end of Trieste's material prosperity if it were "redeemed" by Italy. Well, I've heard some north of Ireland Unionists in my native country predict that it would be the end of Irish prosperity (Belfast prosperity, they probably meant) if the Home Rule

bill became a law and Irishmen were allowed to run Ireland's internal affairs. And I suppose there is a certain class of Poles who tremble at the possibility (which every liberty lover hopes will be realized) of a united autonomous Poland.

For the benefit of Americans who may have been led to believe that an Italian Trieste would mean a moribund Trieste, let me quote an authority who presents the other side of the case.

"Instead of Trieste depending on Austria," says he, "it is quite the contrary. Trieste is the natural centre of Levantine commerce. Its hinterland needs it as much as Switzerland needs Genoa. Its commerce with Turkey the year before last was \$40,000,000; with Egypt, \$37,000,000; with India, \$29,000,000, while its commerce with Austria-Hungary was but \$21,000,000—which is only a million and a half more than its commerce with Italy. Trieste owes its prosperity not to Austria, but to itself! The Austrian Government has made but little sacrifice for Trieste, spending on its port only \$20,000,000 in the same time that Italy spent \$46,000,000 on the port of Genoa. No well established industry in Trieste can possibly be injured by its annexation to Italy. A healthy plant continues to flourish even if the land changes owners."



Italy has just lost a great artist. Even in these war times the newspapers deem it fitting to devote

columns to eulogistic biographies of Flavio Ando, who was neither a great general nor a great statesman, but simply an actor. But judging from the unanimous opinion of his eulogists and biographers and of persons of culture with whom I have talked, Flavio Ando, who has just passed away in his sixty-first year at Pisa was a great actor and an honor to the Italian stage.

A Sicilian of Palermo, of excellent family, Ando's passion for the theatre led him to seek a stage career at the age of 17. Running away from home he joined a strolling company at a salary of a lire (20 cents) a day. (Caruso did better than this, for I met a man in Pisa who gave him 125 lire for singing in an opera in that old city during his first season on the stage.) Ando's father, however, recaptured him and tried to make a business man of him. Useless the effort, and presently his parents yielded to his ambition. Before he was 20 he made a name for himself as Armand in "Camille." From then on he steadily grew in fame—he became Italy's most applauded and most beloved "jeune premier." Before Duse had her "affair" with D'Annunzio (Italians say that no one who did not see Duse before that entanglement really knows Duse) Ando played parts opposite her, always sharing the honors, and indeed, frequently outshining her.

Only a few weeks ago he reappeared at Florence at a benefit performance of Rovetta's patriotic Risorgimento drama, "Romanticismo." His re-

ception was so enthusiastic that he almost broke down. Signora Dabala, wife of General Dabala, who is at my hotel, tells me that a more fascinating actor could not well be imagined.

"He was our gentleman-actor," said she. "Such grace of manner! Such distinction! And such a voice! I have heard it so often and no tenor could move me more!"



Milan's authorities have faced the alcohol problem. The latest ruling is that no liquor containing over 21 per cent. alcohol can be sold in public houses before 10 o'clock in the morning on work days and not at all on Sundays or other holidays. Beginning next January restaurants may open at 7 A. M., to be closed at 1 o'clock in the night. I'm glad to be able to say that I have seen very few cases of alcoholism during my ramblings in Italy since the war begun. "SELF-CONTROL," indeed, is written in big letters all over the peninsula. Another revelation to "practical" America of the quality of these Latins!

XXII.

A Prominent Milan Journalist on the Attitude of His Compatriots — Independent Spirit of Italy's Newspapers—Need of Trained Hospital Nurses—Two Pathetic Incidents.

MILAN, FRIDAY, August 6, 1915.



THOUGH the expected has happened and no one here is surprised to know that at last Warsaw is in the hands of the German-Austrian army, the news in the morning papers was not pleasant reading for the Italian public. On top of it this afternoon comes the report of the loss of another dirigible balloon. Two dirigibles and two warships gone! Dark days! However, General Cadorna's communique tonight is stimulating with the announcement of another batch of Austrians captured. At this rate the total number will soon be 20,000.

"I hope you have made note of the spirit manifested by our people during this trying time," said Signor Mario Borsa, editor-in-chief of the *Secolo*, to me this evening. Signor Borsa, by the way, for many years was this newspaper's correspondent in London. He knows the English well and he has many American friends.

"You can tell them across the Atlantic," he con-

tinued, "that our people can do something else than play the guitar, grind a barrel organ or dig a New York underground railroad. We know how to receive bad news without flinching and good news without undue exultation. The Austrians sneered at us before actual hostilities began. They boasted that one Austrian could whip four Italians. They have changed their tune. Now they speak of the valor of our soldiers and our chivalrous treatment of their prisoners. We never spoke desparagingly of them and we justly recognize their worth. The prisoners we have taken are men worthy of our steel. We have no illusions. We have realized all along our war would be no military parade."

Signor Borsa I found appreciated the difficult position in which President Wilson finds himself. Unlike many other intelligent Italians whom it required considerable argument to convince that President Wilson is trying to do the right thing, he at once conceded the wisdom shown by our President.

"When will the war end?" he repeated. "When? Can you foretell? You know as much about it as we. So far as I can see, as yet there is no end in sight. All I do know is that we in Italy are making every necessary preparation for a winter campaign, which, for our boys in the mountains, will be a terrible test."

Incidentally, we discussed Italian journalism. "We're an independent lot," said Signor Borsa, "and we are rather proud of it. Proud, too, that

our journalism is a pretty clean journalism and one which loses nothing in comparison with the journalism of other European nations. There is at least one good, strong, well-edited paper in every city in Italy, and if you have been reading them you will have seen that each editor does his own thinking."

"And the censorship?"

"Very just," was the reply. "It is exceedingly strict as regards military matters, but we have great freedom in every other respect—more so, I think, than the press has in France. We have had to reduce the size of our newspapers a quarter or a third, but as we have all laid in good supplies of paper, we can keep going at the present rate for some time to come."

In passing I take pleasure in saying that Signor Borsa, like every other Italian colleague I have met this summer, most generously proffered his services, both personally and professionally, assuring me that I may "make myself at home" in the *Secolo's* office whenever I came in Milan.



One of the serious problems confronting Italy is the need of hospital nurses. When the war broke out there was the same enthusiasm that we saw in France and England on the part of the women, young and old, to don the picturesque Red Cross uniform.

"There was such a rush," said a Red Cross surgeon to me today, "that we did not know what to do with them all. When, after awhile they were put to the task of caring for the first detachment of wounded soldiers, it is surprising how the ranks of these well-intentioned ladies thinned out. They were not used to such a labor. Then came the summer heat and then health or family reasons took away a lot more to the mountains or seashores. Already we feel the growing need of more nurses. What will it be as the war progresses and the number of wounded necessarily increases? All we can do is to appeal to the women of Italy to come to our aid. It means hard work and sacrifice, but the cause is worthy of both. Perhaps some of those clever American nurses may hear the call from Italy and respond."

When this is known in America I'm sure there will be many an American trained nurse who has known and loved Italy, to tender her service in some Italian military hospital.



Few, if any, Americans have had an opportunity of seeing such sad sights as has Signora Andreazzi, the Boston wife of the Italian-Swiss (and naturalized American) proprietor of the Railroad Restaurant at Chiasso. She saw pass the thousands and thousands of Italian women, children and old men refugees from Austria—the unfortunates

whom the Austrians drove out of the Trieste and Trent provinces and whom they sent to Italy by way of Switzerland, retaining in internment camps their fathers, husbands and sons of military age. Signora Andreazzi, with self-sacrificing enthusiasm, worked night and day helping feed and comfort these poor people as they waited in Chiasso to be passed across the frontier into their beloved Italy.

"Never, to my dying day," said Signora Andreazzi to me, "shall I forget one incident. One morning, on a long train of fugitives, there arrived a poor old woman, nearly seventy years of age, her hair thin and gray, her cheeks pale and wan, her clothes old and worn. What a sight she was! As I handed her a big bowl of soup, I said:

"'Are you all alone my good woman?'

"'All alone,' she replied. 'They separated me from my dear old man somewhere in Austria. My two sons are away from our home over there and are now fighting for Italy. But my old man—we've lived together for nearly fifty years—shall I ever see him again? I've nowhere to go without him and I don't intend to leave this station until all the other trains come along. Perhaps I shall find him. They surely would not want to keep an old man such as he. Don't you think he will come along? And won't you take care of me till he does?'

"She did not have to ask me twice," continued Signora Andreazzi, "and I did what I could for her. She scarcely would leave the railroad platform

for a moment. Up and down the poor old thing walked, hour after hour. Several other trains bearing hundreds of fugitives arrived, and as they pulled in, she approached every old man she saw descend from a car to see if he were hers. How often she was disappointed! But her hope was unshaken. Finally, the second day, late in the evening, another crowded train pulled into the station. The old woman, as usual, was on the alert. I could not keep my eyes off her, so deeply had she aroused my sympathy. Suddenly I heard her give a cry and saw her throw up her hands. A little bit of an old man had just slipped on to the platform. He saw her and ran towards her as she tottered towards him. Another moment and they were clasped as for eternity in each other's arms!"

Signora Andreazzi's eyes were filled with tears. Her voice seemed to fail her. It was the end of her story. Can't you see it all? And are there not tears in your eyes, too?



Here is another sad case which I heard from Signora Andreazzi. A handsome young woman—an Italian—with a fourteen-months-old baby arrived at Chiasso a few weeks ago, bound for Italy. She was not allowed to cross the frontier, and it is doubtful if she can get back to her parents' home in Bologna till the end of the war.

"The young lady," the Signora told me, "was the 

wife of a German who had lived in Bologna since he was a child. Italy had become his real home, but he never was naturalized—an Italian citizen. When war broke out, he, in time, was called to Germany to serve with his class. His wife and baby went with him. Recently his regiment was ordered to the front and the wife decided to return to Bologna with her baby. Reaching Chiasso, admission was refused by the Italian authorities, and, although her father is, I think, a major in the Italian army, and her two brothers also are officers, the family has not been able to exert sufficient influence to get her a pass. With her husband at the front, Germany is a foreign land to her. Her native land is barred against her. A case in real life of a woman without a country!"



XXIII.

Ada Negri, Italy's Poetess of the People—Hard to Find, but Worth the Endeavor—Her Struggles and Success—What Her Sister Italians Are Doing for Their Country.

MILAN, WEDNESDAY, August 11, 1915.



WANT you to know Ada Negri. Perhaps I should say I want you to know something about Ada Negri. I only know her a little bit, for I met her for the first time this afternoon and had but a half-hour with her. But that half-hour left an impression on me not likely to be forgotten and it is the impression of that impression that I want to communicate to you.

"But who in the world is Ada Negri?" I hear you exclaim.

Not strange! Not so long ago I would have asked the same question. But these war months in Italy have been months of a sort of exploration on my part and in their course I have "discovered" Ada Negri.

You see, I have been looking at Italy in war from the man's point of view and I wanted to find out what the women of Italy are doing and thinking. So some weeks ago I asked a prominent Milan newspaperman to suggest the name of some woman in Milan who is a leader of thought among her sex.

"Ada Negri is just the person you should talk with," he promptly responded.

"Ada Negri?" said I. "I've seen her name signed to one or two articles—one of them a splendid tribute to the women of France—but beyond that I don't know who she is."

"Why," said he, a bit surprised at my ignorance, "she is the finest woman poet we have today in Italy! Her volume of poems, 'Fatalita,' the first she published in 1901, I think, has had some twenty-five editions. The book shops will tell you that her last volume, 'Esilio,' is one of their best sellers on the poets' shelf. She represents the best and most advanced thought in Italian feminist circles."



So I "assigned" myself to see Ada Negri at once.

But it wasn't such an "easy assignment" as you may think. I found the apartment house in which she lived—about a mile from the cathedral—a very nice looking apartment house of five stories, with a very intelligent and certainly a very discreet concierge. "Is Signora Negri at home?" "No, Signor." "Do you know when she will be home?" "No, Signor—at least not before evening." "She is out a great deal?" "A great deal, Signor. The Poetessa (so he spoke of her) is a very, very busy woman. She has so much more to do since the war began. And she is tired when she does come home."

All I could do was leave my card with my address, requesting a note giving me a date. But

several days passed and no response. Then I wrote as explanatory a letter as I could, begging an interview. A week passed. Still no reply. Another visit. Yes, the concierge had given my card and doubtless the letter had reached her "but she is such a busy woman." And she still was out! I left another card with another appeal and departed.



Some days later, having heard nothing from Signora Negri, my curiosity to see this Italian feminist, who seemed as difficult to capture as the Castello Sforza in its most formidable days, urged me to renew my attack. Again the same response from the concierge.

"La Poetessa was not at home."

"Are you quite, quite sure?" I asked him, handing him a sigaro toscano (one of those long, thin, black, two and a half cent cigars that they sell on Grand street) and looking him straight in the eye. "Go up and see and, if she really is there, tell her that I am a most harmless looking human being, even if I am an American."

He must have been amused, for he smiled benignly (or perhaps it was the sigaro toscano) and forthwith disappeared up the winding stairway.

Five minutes had elapsed when back he came, this time really radiant of visage.

"Si, Signor! la Poetessa is at home! She says she will see you!"

At last! And now to face this proud, exclusive

personage! How shall I open the conversation? How shall I behave if she freezes me with the politeness which is the severest punishment for impudence?

So I was thinking when on the door of her apartment my eyes met a sign which translated into English read:

“Young Women’s Christian Association.”

“What have I run into?” I asked myself. “I’m looking for Italy’s leading poetess, the nation’s most eloquent exponent of the rights of woman and most enthusiastic apostle of Socialism, and here I am at the headquarters of an Italian Young Women’s Christian Association!”

A sweet faced maid of 18 years admitted me and showed me into a most simply furnished anteroom, telling me Signora Negri would see me in a moment. In such an ambient my fears melted away and I quite forgot them when the room door opened and I saw advance toward me with extended hand a woman somewhere in her thirties, of medium height and compact frame, clad in a simple black frock and simple white blouse; her face somewhat broad, her nose rather Celtic, her thick hair, evidently once of raven hue, faintly streaked with silver threads, cut short to her broad shoulders in old Italian style.

And her eyes—Ah! what eyes! Black as night! When you look into those eyes you see nothing else. And when she takes your hand in an honest clasp

and gently asks your pardon for not having consented to see you sooner, the glow, the sincerity, the depth of those eyes all combine to transfigure that—may I say?—commonplace face in which you then feel is expressed the beauty of a great soul.



Signora Negri didn't have to apologize to me. I saw at once why she had sought to avoid an interview with a strange American newspaper man in spite of (or because of) her own experience in journalism. It was not haughtiness, nor exclusiveness, but real diffidence on her part. She showed this quality again when I tried to get her to talk about herself and her life. She delicately evaded my questions. It was for others to tell me of her struggles—of the poverty of her childhood days, when she lived in the little village of Motta-Visconti, in the plains of Lombardy, remote from city, lake or mountain, with a widowed mother, who toiled long hours in the neighborhood woollen mill that her daughter, in whom she had a clairvoyant faith, might have such education as the village common school offered.

Others told me how she reached the position of teacher in the village primary school with sixty noisy little urchins to humanize; how she saved what pennies she could from her meagre salary to buy newspapers and books; how in her leisure hours at night she dreamed and wrote about a

world within her that she daily was discovering and a great world without that she had to create out of her own imagination.

Sad life was hers, you say. But genius surmounts all obstacles. Ada Negri had the divine spark within her. Amid all these sordid surroundings she had faith in herself, in her destiny. This child of "the people"—how proud she is to own her origin!—was an optimist. She dreamed of fame for herself and—of happiness for the evening of her faithful mother's life.

All this Signora Ada Negri did *not* tell me. Nor did she tell me what a literary sensation was created in Italy by the first two or three poems which she dared to send to a popular weekly publication. Nobody knew anything about her personality until Signora Sofia Bisi Albini, wife of the eminent sculptor—herself a woman of fine literary quality—investigated and discovered. She it was who insisted upon Signora Negri publishing her poems in a volume and who found a publisher. The appearance of the volume established her at once. Her dream had come true!



"You want to know something about our Italian women and what they are doing?" said Signora Negri after her greeting was over. "All I can say is that, regardless of social status or other differences, they are all mobilized as effectively as are the

men. Ten million of us are each making at least one pair of woollen stockings or a woollen cap for the soldiers. Many of us are making more. A work quite as important for our winter campaign in the mountains as the manufacture of projectiles, powder and guns. Don't forget that! It is the principal fact as regards feminine activity in our country. No healthy woman in Italy is idle today. A spirit of energy and initiative has been awakened in our sex in Italy that never before was known to exist.

"This war is an awful thing, but much good will result from it to us Italian women. Already it is enlarging our sphere. Young women of the so-called upper classes who in the past have lived idle, useless lives, just waiting for their parents to find husbands for them so that they might gain 'freedom,' are now devoting eight or nine hours a day caring, in their own homes and gardens, for the children of poor soldiers called to the colors, and poor mothers who are earning their livelihood in the shops where they are making clothing for the men in the army.

"Think what a change in their daily habits for these young ladies! It is no small matter to attend to all the wants of a half dozen babies or children of tender years—children who belong to the poorest of the poor. Yet that is what the war is teaching these young girls of the so-called, middle and aristocratic classes. That is making for democracy and it is a step upward."

No mistaking Signora Negri's political views.

She is a democrat of democrats—a Socialist. "How could I be other?" she asked. "I am a daughter of the people. Before the war I was an internationalist—that is, before August, 1914. But when I saw what the war meant I became an interventionalist, and I have come to the conclusion that internationalism is as yet impossible. Each nation, like each family, is better in its own house. There is no roof big enough to cover two families, no matter how closely they are related. Of course, I am absolutely opposed to a war of conquest, but Italy's war is simply a war to recover what is rightly hers, to re-establish Belgium and to aid the other nations who are defending the first principles of Civilization against the brutal doctrine that Might makes Right."

Naturally I asked Signora Negri about the attitude of Italian women toward the suffrage question.

"There was a movement in its favor," she said, "before the war. Now all such discussions have been shelved. It is not so easy to interest our Italian women in such matters as in England and the United States. Those of us who do look forward to the time when our women will take an active part in the political life of the nation—thanks to our schools, they are broadening in their ideas constantly—watch with interest the effort of the English suffragettes for whose Mrs. Pankhurst I have intense admiration, and the peaceful achievements of the suffragist women of your country.

"I should be very happy to visit the United

States after the war if I spoke English. What a country for women it must be!"

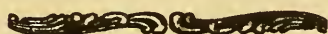


"And now," I said as I was about to leave—for Signora Negri had an engagement to keep at one of the many war charities with which she is connected—"how is it that you are in this Protestant institution?"

"Why," she said, "simply because I like the atmosphere and I can live comfortably at a reasonable cost. Yes, I was born a Catholic, but—well, I suppose now you might call me a Deist—a Unitarian. I admire the spirit of Protestantism and the Young Women's Christian Association does a splendid work. Here at present reside over thirty young girls who earn their livings as stenographers or clerks in banks and other financial or industrial concerns. I wish you could see what a nice lot of girls they are—so intelligent, so well behaved, so thoroughly feminine! Some of them are Protestants, some of them are Catholics, some of them, perhaps, have my faith—no one ever asks questions as to their religious views in this institution: all that is required is that they work for their livings and that their characters are good."

I don't know if any one has translated Signora Negri's poems into English. She didn't know, either. But if it hasn't been done, surely it is worth doing. There is one on "The Salvation Army,"

which alone will give you a key to the understanding of the fineness of this fine woman's nature. I left her glad that I had continued to knock at her door until I was rewarded by having it open unto me.



XXIV.

Como Awakes to Celebrate Feragosto—War Interferes Only Partially with a Popular Annual Holiday—A Scotchman in Italy—Wagner Still Has His Friends—A Waiter Explains.

COMO, MONDAY, August 16, 1915.



FEW days these—Saturday, Sunday and today—in Lombardy and especially in and around Milan. Saturday afternoon I was surprised to see the war time quiet of the wharves of Como and the pretty Piazza Cavour in front of my hotel replaced by a bustle and activity produced by an influx of hundreds and hundreds of people, young and old, all dressed in their best bib-and-tucker.

Steamboats for months immobilized had their steam up and there was a constant rush from the railway station to the gangplanks, while Cook's agent, Signor Bellosta, after an involuntary vacation of twelve months, found himself the busiest man in town!

"Why all these excursionists? Why all this spirit of jollification? Has peace unexpectedly been declared?" were the questions I put to Boniface Zaccheo, of the Metropole.

"Don't you know," he replied, with his face wreathed in smiles at the prospect of doing some

real business, "don't you know that this is Ferragosto? In Milan especially and throughout Lombardy the 14th, 15th and 16th of August are the greatest holidays of the year. Nobody but hotel men, restaurant keepers and railway employes thinks of working on these days!"

"But I'd suppose the war would interfere with its observance," I remarked.

"And it has," was the answer. "Two years ago over 200,000 persons left Milan to spend these three days on Lake Como, Maggiore, Lugano and Garda, or to climb our own mountains or the mountains of Switzerland—many of them going in parties of ten, twenty, thirty or even fifty. This year I'm afraid there won't be more than 100,000 Milanese out of the city, and their area of recreation will be much more restricted. However, as you see, they are out to enjoy themselves, war or no war, and for the moment Como looks a bit more like her old self."



It is worth recording these facts as an evidence of the spirit prevailing in Italy these war days. I may also record the fact that last Saturday night a very successful amateur concert was given in the beautiful hall of Como's Institute Carducci for the benefit of one of the local war charities, the Assistenza Morale, of which Signor Enrico Musa, a big silk manufacturer and president of the institute, is chairman, which was organized by an American visitor to the town, assisted by Miss Bessie Hyams,

the talented musical comferenciére of New York, and in which several nice English and Australians and three Trieste refugee violinists took part.

The evening, which wound up with the entire audience singing patriotic songs, seemed to have been thoroughly enjoyed by a public consisting of the nicest people of Como, from the Prefect Comendatore Olivieri and Signora Olivieri down. Avvocato Enrico Catanneo, the legal defender of Porter Charlton, made an eloquent address, thanking the Americans and English for their sympathetic efforts. A substantial sum, which included a contribution from Signor Otto H. Kahn, of New York, was turned over to the committee. The concert was an effective reply to the statement published in an Austrian newspaper ten days ago that English and Americans were fleeing from Italy to Switzerland "to escape the disorders and discomforts caused in Italy by the war!"

Coming back to Feragosto: Nobody I asked could tell me how it originated, but a musty old Italian encyclopædia explained that it meant Ferial-fair of August, and probably is a survival of a mid-summer jollification of pagan days. It seems to take the place of our Labor Day, but it is also the custom to make presents to your employes and servants on this festal occasion. This year, I'm told, the presents—"mancia," is the popular Italian word—were few and far between, for, as a rule, the odd pennies all go to the war charities, and knowing this no one complained.

Mr. Kenneth Muir is one of Como's most esteemed citizens. As his name indicates, he is a Scotchman. His wife is a charming Milanese. We all became acquainted at the benefit concert and found we had a lot of interests in common. Mr. Muir is the representative in Italy of a big English corporation. His office is in Milan, but, like me he is a "commuter." He has lived in Italy for nearly fifteen years. Speaking the language fluently and being what we Americans would call a "good mixer," he ought to have learned something about the Italians in his many, many travels from Sicily and the "toe of the boot" to the Alps.

"When you really know the Italians," said he to me yesterday, "you will find there are no more charming people in the world. I know no place I would rather live than in this country. Time and again I could have gone back to England with financial profit to myself, but I couldn't leave this lovely land."

Nor could I blame Mr. Muir when I saw his home. A charming villa it is, on the north slope of Como's outskirts, surrounded by a two-acre garden full of flowers and fruit trees, such a home as you would pay at least \$2,500 a year rent for at Pelham Manor or Stamford. (Como is just about as far by train from Milan as Stamford is from New York.) And what do you think Mr. Muir pays? One thousand eight hundred francs! Less than \$360! No wonder he prefers living in Italy!

"They're such a quick-witted people," Mr. Muir

remarked while telling me some of his experiences. "They catch your ideas before you have fully expressed them. I never had a better lot of clerks or sub-agents anywhere in the world. We in England, and doubtless you in America—that is the masses of our people—have been so apt to think of the 'dago' as the 'macaroni eater' or 'the organ grinder.' How ashamed of yourself you become when you meet the Italian on his native soil! And what a splendid showing they are making in this war! And how thoroughly their hearts are in it! Family after family is sending its sons to the front almost without a tear. They know it is their duty to their Italia diletta, and to act otherwise is for them unthinkable."



Mr. Muir, by the way, was at one time interested in the Gramophone company and was one of the first to experiment with making of orchestra "records" in Italy.

"We had a lot of trouble in our experiments," he told me. "Finally we got a fairly good orchestra 'record' and invited Arturo Toscanini to come and pass judgment on it. He came and listened—with much suffering I'm sure. When it was over he had very little to say beyond remarking to our conductor:

"'You only had three violins in your orchestra. You should have at least four.'"

"That man hears everything!" our conductor remarked as Toscanini went away."

Another story about Toscanini that Mr. Muir told me: He was rehearsing for a performance of "Mefistofele" at the Regio Opera of Turin. The composer, Arigo Boito, who was present, thought Toscanini was taking the music too slowly, but he didn't dare tell the Maestro so directly. With fine tact and finer humor, the composer next morning sent Toscanini a nice new score of "Mefistofele" with the inscription:

"Al va—lentissimo Maestro."

"Did Toscanini take the hint?" I asked Mr. Muir.

"Do you think he did?" responded my Scotch friend with a quizzical smile.

"I wouldn't like to say," I replied.

"Neither would I," said the canny Scot. "Why not ask Toscanini himself when you meet him?"

"Why? Not!"

And we relit our pipes, Mr. Muir and I.



Talking about music reminds me that Toscanini is organizing a short opera season at the Dal Verne Theatre in Milan in September. The Dal Verne is the second opera house of the Lombardi capital—not nearly so elegant as the famous Scala over whose destinies Signor Giulio Gatti-Casazza, now the honored impresario of New York's Metropolitan Opera House, presided so many years.

The repertoire at the Dal Verne will include five operas. Will any of them be a Wagner opera? It is understood not. However, don't imagine for a moment that the cultivated musical people of Italy have put Wagner on the "black list." The other evening here in Como a party of seven or eight young men, all soldiers, some of them officers, were taking coffee in the music room of my hotel. Several of them I knew. One of these latter is Dr. Veneziani, a young scientist, who escaped from Trieste and joined the Italian army as a volunteer—a most engaging young fellow! Somebody played a few chords on the piano. The doctor at once was interested. In a moment it was discovered that he was an amateur of music. Would he play? Why, yes. And he did play—played as few amateurs that I ever heard could play. And what do you suppose he played? "Tristan und Isolde!"

He seemed to know almost the entire score by heart, and he played for over an hour, to the delight of all the other Italians in his party and a dozen more who were attracted from outside.

"Magnificent! Bravo!" they all exclaimed.

"Wonderful music!" said the doctor. "There is only one Wagner. Thank God, he had nothing to do with this war! Why, our own Carducci declared that the 'Death of Isolde' was the finest thing he ever heard in music."

Such is the attitude of the cultivated Italian. And yet I see by an American newspaper that there has been some fear in New York that the Metropolitan

opera season would be exclusively French and Italian. Nonsense! Are not we Americans too broad-minded to entertain such a thought?



Wool, wool, wool! Everybody here is talking wool! Everybody is collecting all the old woolen goods they can find in their houses and shipping them to the committees, who send them to the mills to be remade into woolen yarn. No old wool is going to waste. Eighteen million pairs of woolen stockings for the soldiers are called for; three million woolen head covers and one million woolen mufflers. Remember that the soldiers who are fighting in the mountains are many of them 5,000, 6,000 and even 9,000 feet above sea level, and winter will soon reach them. In fact, already the nights up there are frosty. So the women are busy as can be knitting, knitting, knitting. But the supply of woolen yarn is limited in Italy, and if reports be true it is even more limited in Austria and Germany. No wonder the Central Powers dread another winter campaign. Italy, however, is preparing for it and expecting it.



I've tried to make it clear that "individualism" is one of the dominant characteristics of the Italian nation, but I've never heard the fact better expressed than by the little waiter in the cafe across the street.

"The only trouble, sir, with us," said he, "is that there are thirty-four million people in Italy, and these thirty-four million people have thirty-four million different brains!"

He didn't realize that he could not have paid his country a higher compliment.



XXV.

Unexpected Visit to Paris—Impressions of the French Capital After a Year's Absence—People More Confident of Victory Than Ever—Not Sad but Serious—Old Friends and Old Haunts—A Tragic Incident.

PARIS, WEDNESDAY, August 25, 1915.



DIDN'T expect to visit Paris this summer. In fact, I didn't want to. A little less than eleven months ago I took leave of this Capital of Civilization after having shared with the two million of its inhabitants who had not deserted it with the Government in the early days of September, or who had not been "called to the front," all the emotions of the indescribable days of the retreat of the Allies from Belgium—the days when, so to speak, the Germans were "almost in the Bronx" and a new siege of Paris seemed almost inevitable; the days when the news of the battle of the Marne began slowly to filter into the city to be followed at last by the assurance of the retreat of the Kaiser's invading forces and the triumph of Gen. Joffre's strategy.

Looking back over all these months I find nothing impressed on my memory more indelibly than the exhibition of splendid self-possession which the

masses of the Parisians presented in the face of seemingly disastrous reverses and—may I say it?—the well-bred self-control, the finely tempered satisfaction with which they received the good news of victory.

It was a deserted Paris, a provincial town, when I left it. Every day appeared like a Sunday. A wonderful peace seemed to reign over this usually “gay city.” And, although when you reflected upon its cause you had to shudder, nevertheless there was a charm about this tranquility, this simple suburban air that pervaded everything, this absence of movement on streets in other days so full of bustle and excitement, that exercised an almost irresistible fascination from which you found it difficult to escape.

A Paris such as none had ever dreamed of it was in those days. It was one big family, and if you were here then you couldn’t have avoided the feeling that you were enjoying the rare privilege of being a favored guest, by special grace admitted into its domestic intimacy and cordially invited to share its “pot-au-feu.”



Can you wonder, then, that I was a bit afraid to see Paris again after all these months of absence and of war—afraid that I would not find the fascinating Paris that last I saw and positive that I could not find the Paris that I used to know—afraid that I should find still another Paris that I dreaded

to see, a Paris "triste," depressed, or perhaps fatalistically resigned to the worst; a Paris sombre of aspect, gloomily garbed as to its women, its vehicles chiefly ambulances, its parks and parklets filled with mutilated men in weary convalescence?

Unexpected business brought me here three days ago on a flying trip from sunny Italy. It was a tiresome all night ride from Milan. Four rigid examinations of person, passport and baggage—two on leaving Italy and two on entering France. Rigid, I say, but altogether justifiable and courteously conducted. The thermometer was 90 in the shade when I boarded the train in Milan. When I reached the square in front of the Lyons station here a cold chill ran through me. The sky was gray and threatening. The streets at this hour—7.30 A. M.—were almost deserted. The air was raw and penetrating. It was far from pleasant, the feeling that took possession of me, and for the moment I wished myself back beyond the Alps.

However, as I drove slowly along the Grand Boulevards in an open cab behind a very sad looking horse (indeed, no sadder than nearly all his fellows, for like the men it is only the unmobilizable horses that still remain in cab service), things seemed to grow a bit more cheery. Little by little many of the shops began to open and the visible number of working girls, trim and tidy and tasteful as ever in their simplicity, going to their daily occupations, increased.

Paris and "la femme"! There they were at once!

There were few touches of color in these young women's modest toilettes, but the soberness of their blacks and grays was not depressing and their collective face was anything but the face of despair. And my cocher was a genial, garrulous old chap (with three sons in the war), who kept up a continual chatter when he found that I had been absent so long, the burden of which was to assure me that things were going along "pas mal"—not badly—in Paris; that everybody realized that the war would last at least another year longer; that the Germans are "a tough lot to handle"; that the Russians were having a hard time of it, but would "show the Germans something they didn't expect when the right time arrived" and that the final triumph of the Allies was "just as sure as there is a sky over our heads."

Thanks to the bright eyes of the little working girls, the intelligent and comprehensive summary of the situation by my cocher and the good, warm cafe au lait which he and I enjoyed at a little bar next to the *Matin* office, as we resumed our drive along the boulevard, past the corner of the rue Montmartre, by the Cafe Cardinal, decorated with its effigee of Richelieu, and on toward the Place de l'Opera, I discovered that I had lost that ominous chill that greeted me at the Lyons station. My spirits were mounting. The old Paris feeling was insinuating itself. The mist of the morning was dissipating. The city was unveiling herself and

soon once more I felt myself looking straight into her dear face!

"Maudlin rubbish," did you say?

For you, perhaps! Not, however, if ever you have really known Paris. So I have no apology to make.



In fact, I found little change in the Paris of to-day from the Paris of eleven months ago, except that the movement in the streets had perhaps trebled; that half as many more shops are open; that the eating places are permitted to do business an hour longer and that there are many more soldiers to be seen on the public highways than when I left.

A word about these soldiers. Most of them are men who have been granted four or five days repose from the trenches to see their families. A welcome addition to Paris life are they, furnishing as they do a gay and cheery note to the rather subdued stage setting. As might be expected, their field uniforms were almost in rags when they got back, so while awaiting their new outfit of gray blue they have had to be provided with "any old uniform" that is handy.

What is the result? The most bizarre effect. It is almost impossible to find two "leave men" similarly garbed. Every color of the rainbow, every imaginable design of uniform is to be seen on the streets. Some of the uniforms surely must belong

at least to the days of Louis Philippe. Beyond all doubt many of them saw service in the war of 1870. However, all this weird variety of uniforms is grateful to the eye of the invading observer. It may, indeed, suggest a comic opera chorus to the trivial minded, but to the seeker after impressions these Joseph's coats lend a variety and color to the scene which offset the sobriety of the garments of the gentler sex. Amusing it seemed at first to one who had seen the Italian soldiers in gray green from Naples to the Alps. But after a day in Paris under skies quite other than Italian, these multicolored fantasies in military uniforms, with their blues and reds and browns and yellows and heaven knows what other color or tint, were a welcome and effective note in the metropolitan picture.



To sum up: Paris at the end of August, 1915, seems three times as animated as it was a year ago. General business is fairly active. The big department shops like the Galeries Lafayette, the Printemps and the Louvre are crowded with Parisian women shoppers. Food prices have advanced only in rare cases, the increase being principally on meat, which costs about 50 per cent. more, although, strange to say, there is a plentiful supply of cattle at the abattoir. While the American dressmaker contingent was here the Rue de la Paix opened up a bit for their benefit, but since they have gone it has resumed its wonted tranquility, while there is

no safer playground for children of tender age than in the shadow of the Colonne Vendome!

Paris is not sad; it is only serious.

The decision of the Government to grant four or five days leave of absence to the soldiers who have been in service for twelve months has proved to be most wise. These men have returned in many cases in better health than they had ever known in their lives before. I have met several whom I'd formerly known as palefaced, stoop shouldered clerks in Boulevard shops or bankers' counting rooms, who have gained ten, fifteen, twenty pounds. So changed in appearance were they that I hardly knew them! Their presence in Paris has had a tonic effect on the women and stay-at-homes and many of them can hardly wait for their leave to expire in their eagerness to return to the front.

From all I can learn from men who have been on the firing line, the morale of the French army never was higher than today.



Doubtless the cables have been telling about the recent political agitation in French Parliamentary circles. In cold type the news may look more serious than it really is. Last night I spent an hour and a half with Gustave Herve, editor of *La Guerre Sociale*, who you may be sure is always to be found in the middle if there is a fight going on. Being a Celt, that is, a Breton, like his Irish cousins, his rule is: "If you see a head hit it!"

"What's all this about?" said I to him, as we were strolling across the Pont Neuf after midnight to his home on the Left Bank. "It looks as if some of you fellows were trying to smash up the Government. These Parliamentary rumpuses are making a bad impression in Italy, and doubtless in England, too."

"Mon cher ami," replied the Socialist journalist, putting his hand on my shoulder, "don't let this Parliamentary racket worry you in the least. Remember we Frenchmen do love to talk. Don't you know there are at least 1,000,000 orators in France? Don't you know that for nearly a year our political Demostheneses and Ciceros have been corked up until they are fairly ready to burst with their fermenting eloquence? Don't be angry with us. Consider our Gallic temperament. Let us blow off our steam! I assure you there is absolutely no real division among the people of France. All of this political discussion is simply a ripple on the surface."

If anybody knows real conditions in France to-day it is Mr. Herve. And after my long talk with him I feel fully convinced that the spirit of the nation is more determined than ever to see this war fought to a finish.



Our new American Ambassador, Mr. Sharp, after looking at forty different houses that were offered to him, has at last secured an ideal home in the Avenue d'Eylau. Sunday afternoon I had the

pleasure of spending with him and his charming family, who already have made many friends among the French. Mr. Sharp made no mistake in the selection of his house. It belongs to a very wealthy Italian and is a model of elegance, simplicity and modern comfort. The proprietor is an art collector of some repute, and among the treasures that surround Mr. Sharp are a Guido Reni, a Van Dyke, a Sodoma, any number of Bouchers and a wonderful portrait of the English actor, Charles Kemble, by Lawrence. Behind the house is an ideal garden, where I am sure after the war Mrs. Sharp will be able to give many a fairyland party. I was beating about the bush with a reporter's curiosity to try to find out what rent our Ambassador would have to pay for this splendid establishment. He "got on to my curves," however, and smilingly said:

"Now, that is none of your business. I am tired of hearing about the terrible rents that American Ambassadors have to pay for their residences in Europe and elsewhere. I don't hesitate to say that our Government, like other Governments, should own the Embassy buildings. However, I have made up my mind that nobody would ever know from me either the amount of my weekly grocery bills in Paris or the annual rent of the Ambassadorial residence."

Mr. Sharp, by the way, has just returned from an extended tour to the Austrian and German concentration camps in France. He personally inspected fifteen or twenty and seemed well satisfied with

everything he saw. Evidently the French are taking very good care of their prisoners. It is to be hoped that these tens of thousands of Germans who are being nourished with French food, prepared by real French cooks, will learn a few lessons which they can apply in their own kitchens when they get back to the fatherland after the peace treaty is signed.

I shouldn't omit speaking of Mr. Robert Woods Bliss, the Embassy's First Secretary, whom I found at his desk, where I left him the end of September, last year. Although looking a bit thinner, he seemed to have stood the strain and stress of the twelve months remarkably well, while Mrs. Bliss' enthusiasm in her relief work, I understand, has known no abatement.



I talked this morning with a New York woman who is an active and energetic volunteer nurse at the American Ambulance at Neuilly. Judging from what she told me that splendid institution is keeping its work up to the high standard which it established for itself in the beginning and continues to be the model ambulance of France. Nearly all the American men who have remained in Paris since the war began have been doing some sort of work in connection with the French sanitary service. Louis Hauser, New York architect and engineer, told me he had been driving a military automobile for six months. He and some of his American asso-

ciates have taken a few weeks' rest, during which time they recreate themselves playing baseball at Colombes, on the outskirts of Paris, much to the amusement of the convalescent French soldiers. My old newspaper-artist friend, Jack Casey, whom I saw leave for the front a year ago, was in town the other day. I missed him, but I am glad to say he is still safe and sound and a better shot than ever.

Boyd Neel, the Anglo-American broker, is "doing business at the old stand," at the corner of the rues Daunon and Volney, but his American visitors are few and far between.

I must not forget to add that I found George, the Parisian English cocher, hale, hearty and rubicund as ever. He nearly hugged me when he met me in front of the Cafe de la Paix.

"Where is your horse and cab, George?" I asked.

"Lord-a-mighty, sir! I haven't had a horse and cab for months. The last horse I had the Government took, I don't know whether for hauling purposes or for the abattoir. And you don't suppose a good Englishman like me would drive one of those poor 'skates' that you see on the streets nowadays. Never, sir, by all that's good and holy! I am learning to be a chauffeur and hope to get a taxi in a few weeks. But a taxi is not like a horse cab; you can't talk to your passengers and you know talk is my long suit."



Yesterday afternoon I went to bid bon voyage to

Mlle. Therese Fayou, who is about to leave her Paris home for her New York home. When I reached her house in the old Rue de Verneuil, across the river, I found an unusual commotion in the usually peaceful courtyard and the sounds of weeping from the apartment beneath that of Mlle. Fayou's mother.

I had arrived in a tragic moment. The only son of the widow below had, through his mother's influence, been retained in service at the Ministry of War when all his chums had "gone to the front." The fact prayed upon his mind until he became neurasthenic. Just an hour before I had come the young man had blown out his brains and his unfortunate mother was wailing, "If only I had let him go!"

Mlle. Fayou has two brothers fighting and one a prisoner in Germany. "Thank God, I let them go cheerfully when their country called them," said brave Mme. Fayou, Mlle. Therese's little mother, to me. "If they die on the battlefield it will be death with honor. I shall know that I have done my duty to my dear France and that they have done theirs."

And as Mme. Fayou feels, so feel ninety-nine per cent. of the mothers of this great nation.



XXVI.

Mussolini, Milan's Brilliant and Fearless Socialist Editor, Off to the Front—A Farewell Interview in Which He Predicts the Benefits to Democracy Which the War Must Ensure.

MILAN, TUESDAY, August 31, 1915.



LAST night I bade Mussolini goodby—Benito Mussolini, of whom I have already told you, the leading Socialist editor of Italy, the Gustave Herve of this country. Mussolini has been called to the colors and this morning will join his regiment of bersaglieri.

I found him hard at work up to the last hours in his little room in the unpretentious offices of the paper founded by him a year ago, the *Popolo d'Italia*. He looked bright and happy, as though a load had been lifted from his mind and heart, for although he had offered his services as a volunteer many months ago, they were refused; he was told that Italy then had all the men "militarized" that she needed; that he must wait until his class of the men born in 1884 was called and that in the meantime he could feel that he would be more use to his country at the editor's desk than in the trenches.

However, although he is about to start off with a gun and bayonet as his "tools of trade" I suspect

that he will carry a fountain pen in his pocket and that from time to time his stirring and patriotic editorials will help to maintain the character with which his personality has endowed his newspaper.



I have seen and conversed with Mussolini enough to have my first impression of his fine mentality and his ideas fully confirmed. He is an honor to his country and to his profession. Men like Mussolini help give the cachet of a profession to journalism. A year ago he was editor of the older Socialist paper of Milan, the *Avanti*, which in Italian means the *Forward*, the *Vorwaerts*. But unlike so many other Socialists—the so-called “centre” of the party—he was at once for intervention. He was too ardent a soul to be a “neutralist” and he loved liberty too dearly—for he comes from Forlì, in Romagna, a province of Italy which has been strongly republican in sympathy since the days of the French Revolution—to see any other course for Italy to pursue than to take sides with France and her Allies. The Teutonic formula was abhorrent to his spirit.

However, the dominant element in the office of the *Avanti* refused to be converted by Mussolini and although he was making a fairly good living as an editor, he put on his coat and walked out of the editorial room with only one week's salary in his pocket. With him went half a dozen other bright young newspapermen. “Start a paper of your own,” said they, “and we'll stick by you.”

It's not such an easy thing to start a newspaper in a big town like Milan. Did you ever try it? I did with some other reporter friends a good many years ago in Baltimore. It lasted three months—until that famous blizzard came along and put us out of business! Well, Mussolini has had better luck. And he deserved it. We thought we were “filling a long felt want” in providing Baltimore with another newspaper. We were mistaken. Mussolini was not. The “want” for such a paper as his existed and the *Popolo d'Italia* proved a success from the start until now it has a circulation of 100,000. And quite proud is the genial Scotchman, Muir, whom I met at Como, who greatly admires Mussolini, that he should have been among the very first to give the *Popolo d'Italia* a substantial “ad” of the big English concern which he represents, the appearance of which in Mussolini's paper helped bring him scores of other advertising contracts.



“Well,” said Mussolini to me after I wished him the best of fortune on the firing line and a long life of usefulness after the war, “as you are soon to return to your land of liberty, I hope you will let your American friends know exactly how we are conducting ourselves over here. Let them know that this is not a war of conquest, but a war for the defence of human rights. Let them know that, apart from a miserable handful of so-called Socialists, enemies in the household, worse than Aus-

trians, Germans or Turks, Italy is one mind and heart from the Alps to Sicily. Let them know that this war will never end till the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs are brought to their knees. That's how we feel. Put it in plain words!"

As I had just returned from a week's visit to Paris and had brought Mussolini a special message from Gustave Herve, he was intensely interested in learning what I had seen and heard in the French capital. As he and Herve had never met and only knew each other through the exchange of the *Popolo d'Italia* and the *Guerre Sociale*, he wanted especially to know what Herve thought, just as I had found Herve eager to know Mussolini's opinion. I did my best as a sort of "wireless" communicator between these two interesting personalities, but it would be quite improper for a "common carrier" to disclose the confidential communications entrusted to it for transmission. Which fact compels me to omit several very interesting paragraphs from this letter rather than run afoul of that best of censors—Good Taste.

The declaration of war against Turkey had occurred during my brief absence from Italy. It created no surprise or excitement here. In fact, Mussolini had not a little to do with the preparation of the minds of the masses for the event.

"It was the only logical thing," was his comment. "It is only another proof of our unshakable purpose to go to the bitter end. Note, too, that Italy declared war against Austria in one of the darkest

moments of the conflict as respects the Allies—the beginning of the Russian retreat. We have followed this up by declaring war on Turkey when things looked even worse for Russia. What an example we have shown the Balkan States? Will they profit by it? That's the question. We can only wait and hope."



Mussolini has taken great interest in the arguments advanced by the "Old Tiger" of French politics and journalism, Clemenceau, and French ex-Minister of War Pinchon in favor of bringing Japanese troops to Europe.

"I am absolutely opposed to the idea," said Mussolini. "It would be an act of supreme unwisdom. This is a European war. We had best keep it so. Besides even if there had been any need to bring Japanese from the East that need was at once dissipated when Italy took up arms. To continue to talk about Japanese intervention in Europe now is an insult to us Italians! They are not necessary. The European Allies have plenty of men and it is for them to inflict the deserved punishment upon Germany, who must be compelled by Europeans to realize that her dream of world overlordship is a mad folly. It never must be said that Europe had to call on Asia to administer the castigation which Germany is sure to receive. No; this is our war—our European war—and ours it should remain to the end."

Mussolini added, with a smile, that he imagined not a few American sympathizers with the Allies entertained similar views. And I had to admit that, although I am not a Japanophobist, he had judged rightly. Certainly Mr. Hobson will agree with him, and perhaps Mr. Roosevelt also. However, a credible Italian correspondent, Signor Pisani, who was with the Russians when they evacuated Warsaw, writes to the *Resto del Carlino* of Bologna that he saw Japanese guns with the Russian army being served by Japanese artillerymen. To the technical assistance on the part of the "little yellow men" Mussolini made no objection, nor to the decision just announced of the Japanese Government to furnish all the arms and ammunition possible to the Allies; "as," he added, "the manufacturers of the United States are doing individually."



Needless to say, Mussolini is an optimist. He considers the war a devouring flame, but a purifying fire as well.

"It all makes for a greater democracy," said he, "and it accentuates and makes evident the value of true nationality. It will teach every nation how to 'keep its own house' while maintaining cordial social relations with every other nation that recognizes the lofty ideals of the Anglo-Saxon-Latin civilization. See what it is doing for Italy already. We

have organized one great army to fight with bayonet and cannon. But, sir, we are organizing a much greater army whose work will continue long after the army of warriors has been dissolved. I speak of our industrial army. Think of what it is learning—learning to do things that for decades, yes, for centuries—for even Machiavelli spoke of the German industrial and commercial invaders in his day—our enemies from beyond the Alps tried to make us believe we couldn't do without their advice and assistance.

“Look at Russia, too. She is going through the same experiences. Her retreat is due to her bribed courtiers and corrupt bureaucracy—sold body and soul to Germany. Thank heaven, scores of these traitors have paid the penalty for their treachery on the gallows. But the Russian masses are awakening. The democracy of that nation has been conscious. The Czar must take it into his counsel. The present reverses that Russia is undergoing will be Russia's salvation. They are making a new Russia, and that Russia will be invincible.”

Mussolini's face was flushed. His coal black eyes were all aglow. He spoke with an intensity born of conviction. What a Methodist preacher he would have made had he been born in America instead of Romagna!

“Goodby!” said he at last. “Perhaps we may never meet again. But let us hope we shall. All I ask is that you do what you can to make Americans understand Italy better. And tell them the

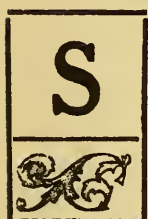
hour of triumphant democracy is close at hand!
Addio caro collega e amico! Evviva l'Italia!
Evviva l'America del Nord!"



XXVII.

Back Again to Paris on the Anniversary of the Battle of the Marne—Reawakened Memories of a Year Ago—How Gustave Hervé Explains the "Miracle"—War a Blessing to Russia—The Rabbi of Lyons.

PARIS, MONDAY, September 6, 1915.



STRANGE chance that brings me back from Italy for a forty-eight hour visit to Paris on this day of all others—the anniversary of the commencement of the battle of the Marne—this day that saved Paris and permits Gen. Joffre (who, we learned only last night, has been visiting the Italian front and has been decorated by the King of Italy) to declare that he is “confident more than ever of the final victory.”

The weather is almost identical with that other 6th of September (which was a Sunday)—skies clear, sunshine bright but quietly suggestive of the approaching autumn. Little did we then within the great city know of the organization, perhaps I should say, “improvization,” of the “Army of Paris,” and what a tremendous move was being made a few miles north of us by gallant Gen. Maunoury, whose recovery of his sight is the prayer of every man and woman who admires true heroism—

Maunoury who, when the attack on the left wing of von Kluck was decided, in turn headed each regiment of the Sixth Army himself, and yesterday in recalling the 9th of September, when he saw the Germans at last in full retreat declared: "I didn't care what happened to me after that!"



No; we in Paris a year ago—this afternoon I talked it all over again in his sumptuous editorial office at the *Gaulois* building with that "dernier Parisien" of whose fascinating personality I have on another occasion tried to give Americans an impression, Monsieur Arthur Meyer—we in Paris knew nothing about the history that was in making within a short taxi ride. We only knew that the normal population of Paris was minus a million, that the morning had been devoted by the "faithful" to a Ste. Genevieve procession and that in the afternoon in the "quarters" like the much maligned and sometimes dreaded Belleville, whither I had wandered, the sons and daughters of the men and women who in 1870 formed the body of the sanguinary "Commune" were peacefully enjoying their coffee or beer and syrup-and-siphon in the early September sunshine apparently undisturbed by the present and fearless of the future.

Truly astonishing the spirit of these people on that day a year ago appears to me as I look back. Communicative, too, was it; for I felt it took possession of me and I was continually saying to my-

self just what this mass of fellow beings was thinking: "They won't get to Paris! They won't get to Paris!" (Interesting data for the student of the psychology of crowds). Well, they didn't; and if they didn't then they never will, if what I hear of the condition of the French and English wall of men and guns from the North Sea to the Swiss frontier is even approximately true.

"General Joffre's sentiment," said Monsieur Meyer to me, "is the sentiment of every man, woman and child of our nation."



I've told you this before. But I feel justified in my reiteration, especially just now when the cables tell us of Bernstorff's "peace terms" announced in Washington. I see by the newspapers what the English think of this latest *Fliegende Blätter* "joke" from the German Diplomacy Factory—another Teutonic product "not made by Krupp"—and I know personally how utterly ridiculous these "peace terms" are considered by French, Italians and Russians, so ridiculous as not to be regarded as worth discussing. They only give occasion for emphasis of the fact that on September 4, a year and two days ago, the "Holy Alliance of the Twentieth Century" was signed by England, France and Russia and that since then Italy is believed to have added her pledge to that compact that no separate peace proposal should be entertained.

That "Holy Alliance" is adamant. Of this no

American should have any doubt. No one is talking of peace today in Europe except Germany, especially since the latest marine atrocity, the sinking of the *Hesperian*.



I have spoken of Russia. I haven't been in Russia, it is true, but circumstances have put me in contact with many Russians of intelligence and largeness of view during the past three months. At my hotel in Como, Italy, there is the family of a Russian Baron who, himself has been transferring all his movable property from the neighborhood of Riga to Petrograd. Very liberal minded people are the Baroness (herself, by the way, an Italian) and the eldest daughter of 20 years, who speaks six languages and has been taking a special university course in Philology. (Barnard College should get this young woman on its staff.) In Switzerland, too, I have talked with many Russians, and coming on the train with me from Milan was another Russian gentleman whose handsome wife is a native of Irkutsk, Siberia. These facts I mention to show that I have the "documentation."

And what of it? Simply this: that these hours which seem terrible for Russia, as did the retreat from Belgium a year ago for the French, are the darkness which preceded the dawn and day of Russia's salvation from the enemy and from herself!

"Thank God!" said to me one Russian (it wouldn't be fair to use his name). "Thank God!"

Now our people soon will awake! In fact, they are awakening. They are realizing that we cannot win under the old corrupt and corrupted regime. The bureaucracy must go! The Russian democracy—and it is a magnificent democracy, my dear sir, if you only knew it!—is going to come into its own! Moscow, not Petrograd, is the heart of the nation. Moscow has let Petrograd have its own way too long.

“But there’s an end to that. Moscow has spoken, and when Moscow speaks it is the voice of the real Russia. If you would know how Moscow feels all I need tell you is that while, for example, the city of Milan, richest of Italy, raised by popular subscription for the war charities \$1,250,000, Moscow raised—don’t be surprised!—\$75,000,000! Make a note of it—\$75,000,000! That’s the way we Russians do things. Sounds like America, doesn’t it? And we shall be a counterpart of the United States in time. We shall make a new ‘West’ of our ‘East’—our Siberia, which is in about the same condition today as your ‘West’ was fifty years ago.



“But all this requires liberty and democracy, and the retreat of our army today is only the symbol of the retreat and defeat of the system of Government that is responsible for it and all the other errors of the past. The Duma is sure to have its proper place in the government of the nation, and the gallows is hungry for many more skulking traitors both in the bureaucracy and in the army. Our Czar will have

to take a lesson from the King of Italy and listen to the voice of the people demanding their rights. The democracy of Russia will save Russia from the invader as the armies of the French Republic saved France after the Revolution. In fact, Russia is on the verge of revolution—perhaps in revolution—but it is a revolution whose victims will only be the bureaucratic and German-bought traitors to their country and the invading forces of the barbarians of Central Europe.

“The appointment of Goutchkov as head of the New Committee on Munitions in the Ministry of War and the organization of that committee is a historic event, one of the most important steps imaginable toward Russian self-government. The debate in the Duma over the subject was a wonderful revelation of the true spirit of Russia. The social Democrat, Tchkenheli, declared that to defend the old regime was equivalent to treason. Maklahov, brother of the former Minister of the Interior, said that too many appointments to high official positions since the beginning of the war had been due to complicity and favoritism, many of them being a public scandal and the defiance of public opinion: adding that the new Government, whose task it is to conquer the Germans, may find it even more difficult to overcome the resistance of its subordinates. The time has arrived, said Mr. Maklahov, for a thorough housecleaning; the country has made too many sacrifices not to demand it; an end should be put to this state of things and the

right man should be put in the right place. This sentiment was applauded by the entire Duma, which knew that Mr. Maklahov was simply voicing what every Russian had known all along. Goutchkov is the right man in the right place, but we want a good many more like him and we are going to have them if the Czar possesses the wisdom with which we credit him."



All this may be an old story in America, but I am recounting it to you because I get it from a thoroughly reliable man who is fresh from Moscow and who knows what he is talking about. And I can't help adding as I make a retrospect of these many months of international carnage, that this war ultimately will prove a godsend to every nation involved, but especially to the two nations that most needed waking up—Russia and Great Britain.



So much has been written about Paris since I left it last October that there is little left of "actuality" to tell you. Verily the war here seems to have lost all its terrors. It is become the almost universal "business." Every one accepts it as the only real "business" of the hour in spite of the real peril to which millions of Frenchmen and others are exposed. But in normal times there is always a small percentage of men whose businesses

involve taking their lives in their hands—steeple-jacks, deep sea divers, workers in explosive factories, locomotive engineers, etc.; you may add to the list yourself. The only difference here today is that the percentage of able bodied men who are engaged in perilous enterprises is immeasurably increased, while the percentage occupied in innocuous employments, on the other hand, is reduced to a negligible quantity.



Reverting to the anniversary of the Battle of the Marne (which should be the only excuse for this letter) and recalling the fact that many good people in Paris regarded the defeat of von Kluck as a "miracle," let me quote my Socialist friend, the "ex-internationalist" editor of the *Guerre Sociale*, Comrade Gustave Herve. Here is how he puts it.

"Miracle? No!

"It was natural that Joan of Arc and all the heroes of old France should come out of their tombs at that solemn hour.

"It was natural that those of Valmy and those of Champaubert and of Montmirail and the glorious defeated of Sedan and Gravelotte should rise from their native soil to encourage their sons, because their sons were worthy of them.

"The saints of the Church of France rushed forward and also the Great Unbelievers whom the Church of France had burned throughout the centuries or whose sublime audacities it had proscribed

"Even the very wine of France itself aided by intoxicating the barbarians who had violated its sacred cellars in Champagne.

"Poor France! What wretchedness! Poor exhausted nation! Rotten to the core! Without order! Without discipline! Utterly demoralized!

"Schools without God! Republic incapable of having an army or a diplomacy!

"And yet behold! At the sound of the cannon the dead spring to life!

"There you have it—the miracle of the Marne!"

"That's the stuff!" said I. Some of these short sighted French politicians from time to time try to "put the screws" on Herve, but they can't break his spirit. For no man who writes in France today is a truer patriot than he and Herve's burning editorials in the *Guerre Sociale* are, in my humble opinion, France's finest literary product of the war.



Just an incident to close this letter—an incident that will touch the heart of any man who believes in that Communion of Saints whom the stamp of no creed can disfigure:

A few days ago a religious service was held in the Jewish Temple at Lyons on the anniversary of the death of the Chief Rabbi of Lyons, the Rev. Abraham Bloch, a chaplain of the 14th Army Corps, "killed gloriously" at Tintu in the Vosges, August 29, 1914. It was a very impressive service, I am

told, and every creed and no-creed was represented, as deserved the memory of this heroic descendant of Joshua and Judas Maccabeus.

A wounded soldier was dying. Rabbi Bloch rushed forward to take him from an ambulance which the Germans were bombarding. The dying man looked up into the rabbi's sympathetic face. He thought he was a Catholic priest.

"A crucifix! a crucifix!" the poor fellow murmured.

Immediately the rabbi found a crucifix, brought it to the dying man and had just placed it in his feeble hands when a shell burst overhead and a fragment killed the rabbi instantly.

Don't tell me that the placing of that crucifix in that dying soldier's hand was not an act of absolution effective in the sight of the Christian God, as any absolution ever granted by an anointed priest of the Roman Church!



XXVIII.

*Farewell to Wartime Italy—Last Hours in Naples
—A Talk with a Senatorial Philosopher—Gio-
litti's Intrigues so Far Unsuccessful—Italy's
Masses Loyal and Confident.*

ON BOARD THE TAORMINA, SUNDAY, Sept. 12, 1915.



ES, it was the same little ragged urchin. And he was doing the same old rag-a-muffin "flipflops," greedily snatching the same two-soldi coppers that we tossed him during the entr'actes of his performance.

The same little ragged "flip-flopper," it is true; but there was only one of him when our steamship sidled up to the dock yesterday morning after a passage from Genoa. How lonely he looked and how changed the stage setting of his simple vaudeville "turn"! Subdued that wonted radiant smile of "la bella Napoli"; absent the "flip-flopper's" scores of companions and rival acrobats; absent the deafening vociferations of the wonted crowd that in other times flooded the wharves and with its noise and movement to the good natured stranger would suggest nothing short of Bedlam, and to the cynical a foretaste of Hell.

Vesuvius is veiled in a forenoon mist. Shadows soften the outlines of that earthly paradise, so dear

to Marion Crawford, the Sorrentine peninsula. A gray sky that threatens showers looks down on the city from the Palace of Capodimonte to Santa Lucia, from Posillipo to the Basso Porto. A theatre stage manager would say that the stage electrician had neglected his duties. The scene surely was not "set" for a Metropolitan performance. It was what might be expected at a presentation at the one-night stand of Painted Post by a fly-by-night road company of that unique and perennially interesting drama, "La Commedia Umana di Napoli."



Such was my first impression of the last eight hours of the eventful war week spent in Italy. Four days after King Vittorio Emanuele signed the decree in response to the Vesuvian outburst of his people in favor of "intervention" I spent half a day in the city of Salvator Rosa and Bellini. Then it was full of soldiers and the population seemed greater than ever. Yesterday as I drove along the Corso Umberto, past the university and Bourse, through the Via Depretis by the statute of Vittorio Emanuele II, and dismounted at the Galleria I could note the change that had taken place. Lower Naples (much as I love the city, I must admit it) is never too clean—but neither are some of our American waterfront streets. Visits made two and six years ago, however, revealed to me a Naples commendably tidy in the other parts of the city. Yesterday, however, I noticed a decided air of do-

mestic carelessness. But when I mentioned the matter to Senator Giuseppe De Lorenzo (youngest Senator in Italy, by the way, after Marconi, professor of physical geography in the University of Naples and distinguished authority on Buddhistic philosophy), whom I had the good fortune to meet with a friend on landing, he said:

“Your criticisms unfortunately are true; but remember over 100,000 men have left Naples for the front and labor is hard to find. You will notice, however, that among those of the working classes who are left there is very little idleness in our city.”

In fact, on reading the local papers I found that the Mayor, the Duca del Pezzo, apologized to the City Council because he could not find sufficient laborers to complete the repaving of the Corso Umberto more expeditiously. But why should a New Yorker complain about such a trifle? Heaven knows we should be hardened to such inconveniences and wondrous kind in our judgment of Naples in these hours.



I said that the arrival of our steamship was signalled by none of the customary Neapolitan commotion. The day previous, however, had witnessed one of those scenes which have been reported dozens of times since war began: the landing of nearly a thousand “*richiamati*,” as the men called to the colors are termed, from the United States. Then the piers really were filled with friends and rela-

tives and friends of friends and relatives to the number of 10,000 and over cheering and waving flags, while military bands played the stirring Garibaldi and Mameli hymns. These "richiamati" don't tarry long in Naples. Every fellow gets his railroad ticket immediately and is hurried off in short order to the military depot of "his country." Inspiring are these occasions, each one of which gives a new impetus to Neapolitan patriotism.

"And think what all this means," said Senator de Lorenzo, the philosopher, to me, "think what ideas these thousands are bringing back to our dear old Italy from your new country, so big in territory, so big in enterprise, so big in its love of liberty, so big in heart and—yes, it is equally true—so big in Ideality, which its youth, enthusiasm and resources are enabling it to incarnate in Reality. The regeneration of southern Italy, I'm sure, will owe much to the influence of the spirit acquired by the Italian immigrant in your country. It will go a long way toward solving the problem."



Fortunate, I said, it was to meet Senator de Lorenzo. Now 45 years of age, nevertheless, you felt in conversing with him you were talking with a Latin sage, so simple is he in manner, so modest, so expansive in his mental horizon, so human in his sympathies.

I count it a happy coincidence that he should have been the last man of whom I took leave in de-

parting from Italy on this occasion. Though born in a village within a short distance of Naples, there is nothing provincial in his mentality. In fact, this man forcefully represented to me the new Italy—the Italy of tomorrow, with its fine Latin culture (O word! What crimes have been committed in behalf of thy deformation!), its sense of proportion and of beauty, its respect for individualism, its sane view of life, its pride in its past and faith in the future.

And to think of it—it was a Japanese fellow passenger, Prof. Hedezo Simotomai, an eminent authority on earthquakes, who presented me to and helped me gain the friendship of this most interesting son of Parthenope!

Needless to tell you what Senator de Lorenzo thinks of the war. I shall simply say that like every other intelligent Italian with whom I have talked during these war weeks and months, he sees no end until the Quadriple is triumphant, regarding the recovery of Trent and Trieste as mere incidents and the crushing of the Prussian overlord spirit as the only thing that will secure a durable peace in Europe and the unretarded progress of civilization.

Thanks to the Senator, we half dozen Americans on board the Taormina had our first news of President Wilson's demand for the recall of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador Dumba. It was with a twinkle in his eye that he bowed and said:

“Congratulations!”

No use denying it, the American contingent, which included two Washington women who had made a trip around the world since the big war began, heaved a great sigh of relief. For during my stay in Italy and my two trips through Switzerland to France and back I have met representatives of a dozen different European nations, including German and Austrians (no Turks), and it seems to me that we have been the laughing stock of the people of the Central Empires, while the Allies and their sympathizers have been utterly unable to understand our government's unprecedented policy of masterful inactivity and ultra Job-like patience. At last something has happened. We have no wireless communication here in the Mediterranean and we are all wondering what is the sequel.



Matilda Serao, the most popular woman novelist of Italy, was a personage I had hoped to have a word with yesterday. Signora Serao is the founder and editor in chief of a Naples afternoon paper, the *Giorno*. Before Italy declared war she came very near losing her prestige by her neutralistic tendencies. In fact, her colleagues of the press and others were saying things about her that were not at all nice. However, when war was decided upon Signora Serao fell in line, as did Editor Scarfoglio, of the *Mattino*, the leading morning paper, which also had been strangely unsympathetic with the idea of intervention. I wanted to know the reasons

of Signora Serao's conversion from her own mouth, but unfortunately she was absent from the city and her associates on the *Giorno* were discreetly uncommunicative. It is worth noting, however, that the leading article in her paper yesterday afternoon was a glowing tribute to "Russia in Resurrection," the "Awakening of the Giant," suggested by the audacious move of the Czar in taking the head of the army himself and the renewed and successful work of the Muscovites in Galicia.

"Tolstoi's dream," said the *Giorno*, "is about to be realized. War has given to the giant infant, to the Colossus with the primitive soul, a consciousness of what the present means. Death has passed too near! But from Death is born Life."

Interesting this, because it is exactly the point of view of the Russian gentleman with whom I talked on the train during my last trip to Paris.



The centre of gayest Naples, as all visitors to the city know, is the cafe on the Piazza Ferdinando, opposite the Royal Palace and the famous San Carlo Opera House, which used to be adorned with a big sign bearing the word: "Gambrinus." War quickly changed that. Now it is simply the "Esposito." Here gather the Neapolitans of the dolce far niente class—quite numerous—in the afternoon and evening. Here gather the town gossips, who discuss everything from the freshest social scandal to the latest plans of the Cabinet and the politicians on to the strategy of Gen. Cadorna.

At the Esposito it was that I heard discussed the rumors that Giolitti's fine Piemontese hand was trying to make itself felt again in political circles. What success Giolitti's reported machinations will have remains to be seen. So far, however, they have had small result. His instruments are the members of the Chamber of Deputies, elected through his nomination, but whose servility just prior to the war has discredited them before the people. They fear a new election and are trying hard to "mend their fences."

The press, however—that is, the press untainted by Giolittism, which means 90 per cent. of the Italian newspapers—has its eye on them, forewarning and forearming the patriotic masses. Politics is politics the world over, and just as Somebody (who shall be nameless) doubtless would like to see President Wilson's policy a failure, so it is commonly believed that there is another Somebody in Italy whose patriotism is so affected by his "exile" in Berlin some years ago, that he would not shed many tears if the army of his country should suffer—a temporary reverse.

However, if the Giolitti-ites look for an early return to power, in the opinion of the well-informed Italians with whom I have talked, their hopes are not likely to be realized. Salandra's Government seems solid as a rock. The military position is said, on good authority, to be all that could be desired. Every possible preparation is being made for the winter campaign. At the proper time Italian

troops will join the English and French in connection with the Dardanelles enterprise. Gen Cadorna has the absolute confidence of the nation, and the surprise visit of Gen. Joffre to the Italian front has made a most excellent impression on the public mind. Cadorna says he will have 4,000,000 men in the field in the spring. He can have another million if he wants them. Signor de Strens, the Italian representative of the Babcock-Wilcox Boiler Company, who is an important member of the Civilian Munition Committee in Milan, told me before leaving that the organization is "working like a clock" and that there is no possibility of a shortage of artillery supplies, while as for food, Italy has plenty and no soldier's family goes hungry. And every woman in Italy is busy knitting woolen socks—remember, 18,000,000 pairs were called for—woolen caps and woolen "sweaters" for the "boys who are fighting in the mountains!"

No idle hands; no idle brains today in Italy! Many hands, many brains—but really only one soul!



And now as I close this letter we have passed the mined area in the lovely bay with which the thought of war and preparations for war seem so illy associated. Our lights are all down, our life preservers and lifeboats ready, for we are heading for the sinister shores of suspected Spain. Assured

are we by the thought that on the bridge stands a fine old Genovese "sea dog"—un bravo uomo—named Capitano Frederico Mombello. The last suggestion of Posillipo's outline has faded away. Something to the south of the inky waters we know is Capri—Capri with its amber wine and azure grotto. A thing of the past, my war days in "Italia diletta"—days not soon to be forgotten, that helped me better understand the spirit of this wonderful people, now writing with the pen of patriotism the fourth and greatest chapter of its national history.

And if I have helped others in America feel what I have felt, see what I have seen, hear what I have heard—if I have made you, reader, just a little bit ashamed of yourself for having called your vegetable vendor a "dago" by reminding you that he is a son of the same soil that produced a Dante and a Da Vinci; or your bootblack a "macaroni" when you should know that his country possesses a kitchen which puts to shame our American kitchen (that of the Eastern shore of Maryland excepted)—if I have made you feel that the organ grinder in the street may be a great musician in embryo, for he comes of the same stock as the tavern keeper's son, Verdi—if I have forced home the conviction that the men who followed Garibaldi in Italy's earlier wars of unification have worthy descendants in the brave, intelligent and patriotic soldiers who today proudly acknowledge Cadorna as their chief, and that they surely are something more than lazy "mandolin players"—why, then, my war-time let-

ters from Italy, which THE EVENING SUN has seen fit to print, may not have proved wholly valueless.



XXIX.

"A Back Number"—Curious "Actuality" of an Old Copy of the "Revue d'Italie"—How Certain Ideas Conceived Eighteen Months Ago Have Been Realized in Action Through War.

ON BOARD THE TAORMINA, September 23, 1915.



MAGINE yourself at sea twelve days in these palpitating times, with only a single scrap of news from the troubled outer world—and that most tenuously indefinite.

You have read and reread all the old newspapers you brought with you from Italy, even to the patent medicine "ads" and the cattle market report. You have disposed of all the books in the ship's miniature library that appealed to your appetite or that you thought would justify the waste of time involved in skimming over their pages. By chance you excavate from the obscure recess of a rubbish laden shelf a "Back Number" of the *Revue d'Italie*, dated April 1, 1914. A glance at its table of contents and—presto!—your interest is suddenly revived.

That is to say, I'm sure such would have been your feelings had you been following events in Italy for three months or more at close range; for here was a "Back Number" (it deserves to be capital-

ized) whose age of nearly a year and a half had increased its value and invested it with even more "actuality" than it possessed when first it was issued from the press in Rome.

A year and a half ago came the fall of the long-lived Giolitti Ministry in Italy, and here you find in the *Revue* an article (which the editor explains was written before the change of Government) in which the future of the Radical party of the country is discussed. The writer, Deputy Giuseppe Girardini, was sure that a "revolutionary situation was in formation"—"a situation for the moment without issue."

Parliamentary authority, he feared, was in danger. Socialism was becoming more and more menacing, its leaders declaring it to be their purpose uncompromisingly to combat any and all bourgeois Ministries. The only hope of escape, Deputy Girardini said, was first the taking into camp by the Radical party of the so-called "Reformist" Socialists (like Bossolati and his friends, who now are so enthusiastically supporting the war Government with both pen and sword) and assuring the working classes all the economic advantages compatible with the general situation; and then the union in the Government of the Radicals with the sincere Liberals so as to form a majority in the Chamber that would be both strong and stable.



Decidedly pessimistic the tone of Signor Girardini's article. An Italy "going to the demnition

bow-wows!" I wonder how he feels about the nation now? I'm sure he had got rid of his attack of the "blue devils."

Antonio Salandra is the subject of the second article in this timely "Back Number." He had just come into power. The responsibility of the hour for him was great; but little did he dream of the vastly graver responsibility that a not very distant future had in store for him. At the beginning of this, the greatest epoch of his career, it is worth while recalling how his critic in the *Revue*, Guglielmo Settica, estimated him then: "The result of his labors, the perfect type of the self-made man," is Signor Settica's opening characterization. And then he quotes Silvio Spaventa, an eminent patriot and statesman, dead since 1893, who more than twenty years ago said of Italy's present Prime Minister:

"Salandra is an intelligence lucid and cold which will make its way."

Spaventa's judgment of men and things was not always sure, according to Signor Settica, but in this case he was not mistaken, for Salandra's brilliant contribution to the daily and monthly journals, in which the subjects treated ranged all the way from philosophy, political economy and finance to poetry, philology and politics, soon attracted general attention to him and he was elected to the Chamber from Luera, "crossing the threshold of the Assembly as a conqueror rather than as a novice."

"The precocious nature of his mind," writes Signor Settica, "made him take rank among those who in the Italian Chamber were lingering along the roadway of conservative liberalism, which in reality is only a form of negation. To be conservative, it is not to move; and in politics immobility is very close to retreat, so that those who do not want to go forward more often find themselves in accord with those who desire to take a step in arrear."

Though not in sympathy with Salandra's "Conservative Liberalism" a year and a half ago, Signor Settica cheerfully renders homage to the "liberality of his character and the sincerity of his opinions. One may dispute Salandra's political theories, but not contest the rectitude and consistency of him who seeks to render possible their application."

However, concludes Signor Settica, Salandra had time to "evolute," so that in the formation of his new Cabinet he could afford almost entirely to ignore the Giolitti element and find his substantial support on the "left" without hesitation. But, asks the reviewer, will he have the courage to cut loose entirely from his old political associations (other Conservative Liberals) in order to take hold and solve the great problems of which the country so long has been demanding the solution?

"The hour of the proof by fire has sounded for him," concludes Signor Settica in unconscious prophecy, "and in the interest of Italy we ardently trust that he will come out of it victorious."

And so far Salandra—who it was said at first

was simply in power to wash the dishes for Giolitti—in the judgment of his fellow-countrymen and sympathizers with Italy the world over, has stood the test like a statesman who does his own thinking and as a patriot in whom there is no guile.

“We must watch his course after the war is over, however,” said a prominent Italian journalist of Democratic leanings to me. “He is the man for the present hour. It remains to be seen if he will measure up to the most serious requirements when the nation is called upon to adjust itself to the new order of things. Should he manifest the slightest reactionary tendencies woe unto him! Out he will go instantly! This is the people’s war and it is the democracy, pure and simple, which must profit by it. No reactionism! no coquetting with clericalism! These will be our watchwords.”

Nevertheless, I have faith in Salandra. In the light of these very forecasts of a year and a half ago one can judge the man of today and feel confident that he will in the future realize the best hopes of those who now trust in his wisdom and sincerity.



But here is another eminent Italian of whom I find a most illuminating character study a few pages further on in this most up-to-date “Back Number”—Luigi Luzzatti. Little as he may be known to the American public, it is no exaggeration to say that this septuagenarian of Jewish origin

has one of the finest intellects and is one of the most broadminded patriots of the present time in Italy. I count it a misfortune not to have been able to meet him this summer. Many times a Cabinet officer, he once was Prime Minister, and it was during his rule that the basis of the plan to grant universal suffrage to the nation was established. A believer in the democracy, ardent as Thomas Jefferson, he shares with our great commoner the spirit of optimism, which is such an inspiration to lofty ideals. Tolerance for intellect and conscience is his creed, according to Signor Nicolas Pascazio, the author of this contribution to the *Revue d'Italie*—complete separation of Church from State. If religion dares prescribe a limit to science, as it has at times, says Luzzatti, it retards the discovery of Truth; if science opposes the free expression of Faith by violence instead of persuasion, it might destroy all belief and thus hamper its salutary effect upon the world. "Science without limits; Faith with shackles!" so Luzzatti put it in six words.



Two essential duties of the Italian Government, urged by Luzzatti years ago, will be just as obligatory after the war: compulsory education and the protection of the small land owning interests by forestry. Indeed, his enthusiastic advocacy of forest conservation rivals Col. Roosevelt's. Italy, he contends, requires a "forestry conscience." The future prosperity of Southern Italy he often de-

clared depends upon the cutting up of the great estates into small farms and the systematic replanting of trees.

Luzzatti, by the way, preached the doctrine that the suffrage is a right inherent with the function of the citizen conscious of his individual responsibility. As such, he says, it should be obligatory and the State should penalize those who neglect to vote and who thus treat with indifference, if not contempt, one of the noblest functions attributed to citizenship. Evidently Luzzatti hasn't a high opinion of the fellow who goes fishing on election day! He would be welcomed in feminist circles, too, in New York today, for he is inclined to believe that compulsory universal suffrage logically includes woman suffrage as honest, wise and equitable. Luzzatti has been one of the foremost advocates of a divorce law in Italy, but so far without success.

Socialism, which has more than a hundred Deputies in the Chamber, does not inspire Luzzatti as the arbiter of the destinies of humanity. The principle of equality and the right of man to develop his natural aptitudes in his opinion constitute a heritage of humanity which includes the words of the Nazarene, the Sermon on the Mount, and all the struggles of the Apostles and the martyrs for liberty. The masses of the people cannot live without religion by discarding the dogmas of the Church.

Luzzatti's attitude toward the Triple Alliance, from the viewpoint of a year and a half ago, certainly has "actuality." "He is favorable to the alli-

ance, the advantages of which," writes Signor Pascazio, "in our opinion are very doubtful, but which an endeavor has been made to adjust to the economic interest of our people. But Signor Luzzatti admits that Italy has paid dearly for the equilibrium of forces. We are counting much" (how strange this sounds just now!); "we are counting much upon the commercial treaty with Germany, which will be concluded in 1916, to establish more harmonious relations between the political alliance and the economic alliance."

The economic alliance that Luzzatti is advocating just now, I may remark in passing, is a commercial treaty, offensive and defensive, to be signed by all the Allies to protect themselves after the war against Germany and Austria "dumping" their wares on their erstwhile enemies and thus crushing them commercially, industrially and financially, if they fail to crush them by force of arms.

About 50 per cent. of Germany's exports have heretofore gone to the Allies. Nearly 15 per cent. went to America. The problem for the United States to face is: How to protect ourselves from the "dumping" of that 50 per cent. (which had been going to the Allies) into our country and the South American republics, where we should dominate commercially and financially. Of course, Luzzatti's reply would be: "Come into our commercial alliance. We and our friends can buy more from you than the central empires." I'm not a statesman or a political economist. (Indeed, what is political

economy today? Who is an authority? Are the old text books of further use to any one but the rag man?) I simply pose the proposition for some one competent to discuss it.



You remember that during Italy's war in Lybia relations with France were, to put it mildly, rather "strained." It was not popular in Italy to be "francophile."

Luzzatti, however, was accused by his enemies of inopportune friendliness for the French. In Signor Pascasio's opinion the criticisms were unjust and he takes occasion to quote from Luzzatti's speech at a Zola memorial meeting as follows:

"Petty questions, petty interests, inflated and distorted, of underhand designs might sometimes separate the two Latin nations; but the common genius of letters, art and science has always reunited them and made them rise together to the highest summits of the ideal, where in the communion of wellbeing France and Italy feel that they are called to represent and organize a society more humane and more just. The necessary difference of religion, politics and economic conditions, consecrated by the guarantee of public justice, leads to rivalries fertile in mutual aid and to sublime emulations in the search after the Truth, for the peaceful conquest of a more brilliant civilization."

Such, says Signor Pascasio, are Luzzatti's "francophile" sentiments. How can any Italian find

fault with them? And the true lover of Italy, even a foreigner, echoes: "How?"



Pope Pius X. was ill in the days when this "Back Number" was being edited. The question of his successor had its "actuality." An anonymous "Abbe X." contributes an article on the subject in which especially he discusses the probability of the election of a Pope not Italian. The North American Catholics, he says, have supported the idea "with great favor." "And you know," he adds, "that when the Yankees get an idea in their heads they do not let it go no matter how paradoxical it may appear, nor surrender it no matter what sacrifice it requires to realize it."

Then "Abbe X." goes on to demonstrate the improbability of any but an Italian being chosen, stating that the idea was not being taken seriously in Vatican circles. In view of the many stories afloat as to the sympathies of the Holy See in the present war it is worth while noting the anonymous Abbe's remarks regarding the "neutrality" of cardinals.

"As to the neutrality of the Italian prelates," says he, "there are more than one who, far from being cosmopolite, profess Italian opinions, most Italian, indeed, and are anything but inimical to the Italian Government, for which they work openly. And one might say the same about the prelates of other countries, who, although attached to the superior interest of the Church are not less devoted to

their fatherlands. It should be so, for if faith were a sentiment destructive of patriotism it would deserve condemnation."

The Abbe concludes that, although theoretically the monopoly which the Italian cardinals seem to enjoy is unjust yet in effect it is best for the Church's interest. In his opinion the election of a non-Italian Pope would result in an inevitable outburst of schism and perhaps the election of one or many anti-popes.

"If the tiara should pass into other hands than those who have held it through many centuries," declares the Abbe, "it would break into who knows how many fragments, and the day when it would adorn the brow of a foreign prelate would mark the end of Catholic unity. So say the Italian prelates, and I think they are right, even if their views are not always inspired solely by the interest of the faith."



One more bit of "actuality" from the "Back Number." A violent campaign had just been started by the *Cologne Gazette* and taken up by other influential German newspapers against Russia. To it Russia responded:

"We do not know what you want, but if you are looking for a quarrel, know that Russia is ready, ultra ready."

This, coming from the Russian Minister of War,

intensified the German anti-Russian newspaper campaign. Whereupon an article, evidently inspired, appeared in the Petrograd (it was St. Petersburg in those far off days!) *Novoe Vreyma*, in which a "personage," after saying that every one was discussing the crisis of armaments, adds that all the European States, without exception, are opposed to war; that their only object in arming is to assure peace. But the question arises, said he, when are these armaments going to stop? And the *Novoe Vreyma* writer concludes that the best guarantee of peace would be—an alliance between Russia, France, Germany and England, such a combination furnishing a basis for the cutting up of Austro-Hungary after the death of Francis Joseph.

The wiping out of the Hapsburg monarchy, it was suggested by the Russian newspaper, would be fatal to the Triple Alliance, and, thanks to this combination, Germany could annex the German provinces of Austria and give back Alsace and Lorraine to her western neighbors. On her side Russia would get Galicia, while Hungary and Bohemia would become independent States. "As for Italy," says the Russian journal, "she would find compensation elsewhere from the loss of her alliance with Austria, which is now a greater load upon her than ever."

This article, the *Revue* tells us, caused a big sensation in St. Petersburg, where it was intimated that the scheme was "less fantastic than it might seem." Germany, it was hinted, was no longer in

condition to continue her course of armament against the Triple Entente, either on land or on sea. Necessarily then she would have to endeavor to get out of this "blind alley." "And," said the Russian commentator, "she has nothing else reasonable to do but break with the existing system of alliances, abandon her pretensions with regard to French territory and take instead the German provinces of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

"Thus," adds the unknown Russian journalist, "this new entente entered into by Germany would save the peoples of the old continent from the greatest calamity that has ever threatened their civilization."

That sentence was written a year and a half ago—before the tragedy of Sarajevo. The name of the man who wrote it is unknown, but it deserves to be put on record.

Rereading his prophetic words, I close my "Back Number." Fire Island light is off the starboard bow. I wonder how the Statue of Liberty will look tomorrow morning, and what has happened at Washington since I learned two weeks ago that Ambassador Dumba had "received his walking papers."

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